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The Week-end Review

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Why Jamaicans Emigrate

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South African Serfdom

★

Robert Graves on Fairies

★

Eisenstein the Great by William Whitebait

Comments on the Week's News 67
The New Serfdom. James Fairbairn .. 69
London Diary. Critic 70
This England 71
Passage to Notting Hill. Yehudi A. Cohen 71
The Wakefield Revolution. Derrick Sington 72
Diplomatic Squares. Gerda L. Cohen .. 74

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

The Presence and the Voice. A. Alvarez 76
Eisenstein the Great. William Whitebait 76
The Cheltenham Festival. David Drew .. 78
China Sea Less Salt. Reyner Banham .. 79
Noon's-eye View. Tom Driberg 80

CORRESPONDENCE

E. Ettlinger, C. Lake, Sidney Silverman, MP, J. W. Gardiner, Gerard André, Prof. C. G. Gifford and others, Eric Kinton, E. Binyon, James Daly, Hugh Gordon Porteus 80

Books in General:
Puck, Mab and the Billy Blin. Robert Graves 83
Poems. T. H. Jones, Ewart Milne, Jenny Joseph, Richard Church, Edward Lucie-Smith 84

REVIEWS

Black Record. A. J. P. Taylor 84
The Claims of Philosophy. Alasdair MacIntyre 85
An Egoist of the Half World. V. S. Pritchett 86
The Mating Game. Richard Hoggart .. 87
Taurology. Maurice Richardson .. 87
From the Chinese. Joseph Needham .. 88
Reflections on the Pool. William Walsh .. 89
New Novels. V. S. Naipaul 89
Thunder out of Africa. Peter Duval Smith 90
Hand to Racket. Ralph Partridge .. 91
Week-end Competitions 91
City Lights. Taurus 91

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Cousins versus Gaitskell

MOUNTED at the head of his million-strong army and with the cheers of the rankers ringing in his ears, Mr Cousins last week threw down his challenge to Mr Gaitskell and the Labour leadership. Two days later Mr Gaitskell replied. In quiet terms, speaking with authority and great effect, he accepted the challenge: the leadership is not prepared to budge on its H-bomb policy and the party must in due course decide between them.

It would be easy, in the short term, to overestimate the gravity of this much advertised 'split'. Both men, choosing their words with studied caution, have refrained from slamming doors or stabbing backs. Mr Cousins has carefully committed himself to the formula of free and democratic discussion, prior to a conference decision which he will loyally accept. Mr Gaitskell has argued persuasively and tellingly both for the policy of the Non-nuclear Club and (quoting the Churchill-Attlee correspondence of 1945) against any attempt by the party conference to tie the hand of a future Labour government. Moreover the decision of the conference is already a foregone conclusion: Mr Gaitskell's policy will be overwhelmingly endorsed, and on it the Labour Party will fight the election with full backing from Mr Cousins and the rebel army. If, of course, Mr Macmillan should be so unsporting as to spring an election early enough to forestall the Labour conference, the democratic protocol will not be seen to be observed with such text-book propriety. The charge of 'split' would then seem circumstantially more plausible; but it would still be Mr Gaitskell's policy on which the party would fight, and Mr Cousins would still be in there pitching.

By once again drawing attention to Labour's split mind on a vital issue, Mr Cousins' challenge must inevitably have done the Labour Party some electoral damage. But probably not very much. At the same time, as far as this year's conference is concerned and the forthcoming election, the revolt is as good as crushed before the battle is even joined. Is it equally true to say that Mr Cousins has failed in his real objectives and can henceforward be regarded as a spent force? Certainly the events of the past week have immensely strengthened Mr Gaitskell's personal position and prestige. He has put himself across to the general public as a man of decision who refuses to be browbeaten by even the strongest trade union boss. But that again is in the short term. To read the post-election future, when once more the left of the Labour Party will be looking for a new and stable rallying-point – and even to read the mind of the Labour Party rank and file who see Mr Gaitskell's role in all this very differently from the public at large – it is necessary to look a little more closely at Mr Cousins' state of mind – and indeed at the long-range coherence of the policy he is advocating.

From his various statements of the past ten days, it is clear that he is nursing some curious illusions about Labour's previous attitude to the H-bomb, before the new policy of the Non-nuclear Club was evolved. This is the only ground on which one can explain his oft-repeated assertion that his union's seven-point resolution in no way conflicts with Labour policy. It explains, too, why he believes that the new policy put forward by the Labour leadership is a step backwards.

It will surprise most people to learn, for instance, that – according to Mr Cousins – Labour has always opposed the establishment of American bases in this country, even bomber bases. This is not borne out by the joint statement issued by the Labour

Party and the TUC last year. That statement was limited to opposing the establishment of *missile* bases in Britain until an attempt had been made to reach agreement with Russia at a Summit conference. In other words, the Labour Party and the TUC resisted the development of a new stage in the nuclear arms race until a genuine effort had been made to reverse the trend. Last week's resolution by the Transport & General Workers' Union goes much further than this. Moreover, Mr Cousins is wrong in fact when he states that Mr Bevan committed the party, in a recent Commons debate, to a declaration that it would never use the bomb first. No such commitment has yet been made by anyone on behalf of the Labour Party. Yet Mr Cousins obviously believes what he says. That is why he sincerely regards himself as the guardian of an already established official line.

How has this curious confusion arisen? Mr Cousins is no fool; nor is he a scheming villain. On the contrary he is a patently honest man; and this, indeed, may be the difficulty. Tortuous arguments have been going on for months in the inner circles of the Labour leadership between those who, like Mr George Brown and Mr Strachey, believe that Britain should have her own deterrent in her arsenal until multilateral disarmament has been achieved, and those who think it will never be achieved unless Britain takes independent steps to break the vicious circle of distrust. The result of this argument was a compromise, approved at Brighton and embellished at Scarborough, which reaffirmed Labour's belief in multilateral disarmament, while permitting the party certain modest unilateral gestures on the way – notably the decision to suspend tests whether other countries did so or not. But with the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament continuously gaining ground in the party, the compromise has inevitably been an unstable one. The tug-of-war has gone on, and there have been moments when it seemed that the thread of compromise must break down.

One such moment of crisis came in the joint talks between the Labour Party and the TUC last year, when Mr Cousins and Mr Bevan found themselves together in joint rebellion about whether a Labour government should commit itself never to use the H-bomb first. Such a declaration, as Mr Cousins fully realises, is a test of Labour's whole attitude to the bomb. If the British bomb is a deterrent – as Mr Brown believes and Mr Gaitskell has implied – then the promise never to use it until it might be too late to use it at all obviously weakens its value. But Mr Cousins has never believed it was a deterrent; and Mr Bevan has at times said the same thing. To them, the British bomb is a dangerous liability to be bargained away as quickly as possible. For a time it looked as if this clash might be fatal to party unity, for Mr Gaitskell refused to give way. The crisis was averted, not for the first time, by the expedient of leaving the whole matter out of the party's policy. Once again the split was patched up.

For a time it looked as if another crisis had been precipitated by Mr. Bevan when, in a recent TV interview, he said that a Labour government would 'stop' nuclear tests. Asked whether this meant 'stop indefinitely', he replied that he could not visualise any circumstances in which a Labour government would ever resume tests once it had suspended them. Mr Gaitskell could not publicly repudiate his shadow Foreign Secretary, but it is an open secret that he was embarrassed by Mr Bevan's unilateral extension of party policy. It is an open secret, too, that he dug in his toes firmly on this issue when the new statement was being prepared by the National Executive. As he rightly pointed out, the policy in the past had been to suspend tests 'for a limited period'. But this time Mr Bevan as well dug in his toes. He argued that it was intolerable for the party to include in its statement of policy a diatribe about the crime of poisoning the atmosphere with tests – and then to add that a Labour government would none the less do some poisoning, too, if convenient. Once again the crisis was averted by finding a form of words – including neither 'stop' nor 'suspend' – which saved an open clash.

It is against this background that Mr Cousins' irritation has been mounting. He is a blunt man who likes to use blunt words and dislikes evasions. He opposes Labour's new policy of the Non-nuclear Club because he fears it is the product of a long series of evasions, leading to the biggest evasion of them all. It is difficult not to have some sympathy with him. It is a matter of history that the idea of a Non-nuclear Club was summarily brushed aside by Mr Gaitskell earlier this year when some members of the National Executive tried to urge that the time had come for a new step forward in Labour's policy. It is a matter of history, too, that he changed his mind with notable haste following the surprise victory of unilateralism at the General & Municipal Workers recent conference. And once Mr Gaitskell had changed his mind, the process of issuing a new joint statement was pushed through with suspicious speed. Mr Cousins was not alone in feeling that, in some quarters of the party, the Club was being canvassed as a lesser evil and hedged round with so many conditions as to rob it of the positive psychological effect on which it must depend for success.

And so the stage was set for Mr Cousins' explosion. On the one hand he felt – with some justification – that he had been shanghaied into accepting a new policy, which was drawn up without consulting him and presented in circumstances which made him 'disloyal' if he rejected it. On the other he genuinely believed that, in its present cautious form, the new policy was doomed to failure, leaving the party more firmly committed to the bomb than ever at the end of it. Nor was he alone in this. There were some members, both of the National Executive and of the General Council of the TUC, who felt and said that the policy could not succeed unless a Labour government gave more vigorous proofs of its willingness to give up the bomb. The three amendments for which he asked had been urged before ever he took them up. Some members of the National Executive had pleaded with their colleagues that Labour should give a dynamic lead against the nuclear arms race by stating *a priori* and unequivocally that Britain would stop her tests for all time; that she would never use the bomb first; and that she would suspend the manufacture of the bomb while negotiations for the formation of the Non-nuclear Club took place. These pleas were echoed by Mr Cousins in the joint meeting between the National Executive and the TUC and again by his deputy, Mr Nicholas, inside the National Executive. And when they fell on deaf ears, Mr Cousins voted against the whole policy.

After this defeat in the joint talks, was Mr Cousins to toe the line by accepting meekly a policy he did not like or alternatively to carry the responsibility for 'splitting' the party? He solved the dilemma by trying to have the best of both worlds. His union's resolution, he argues, embodies established party doctrine, on which the new policy is a variant. It is easy to condemn this *simpliste* attitude, but neither wise, perhaps, nor fair. Mistakes have been made on both sides, as a result of which the new policy has been robbed of much of its effect and has had a far cooler reception among the rank and file than its merits warranted. Slowly, but surely, the party has been feeling its way to demand a more independent lead by a Labour government. Mr Gaitskell himself has unfortunately obscured this fact by emphasising all the negative aspects of the Non-nuclear Club – the fact that it did not mean unilateralism, that it did not mean a break with Nato, that it did not mean the abandonment of the party's belief in multilateral disarmament. The youth of the Labour movement is sickened of negatives; and Mr Cousins, in his impatience, mirrors their mood. If he also mirrors some of their confusion of thought, he is not to be despised for that, because the H-bomb raises problems of head-splitting complexity.

Where, now, does the Labour movement go from here? The best hope of a real organic unity in the forseeable future is for Labour's official policy to take on a greater clarity. The real cleavage in the party is between the unilateralists on one side and those who are prepared to accept the compromise of 'modified multilateralism' – of which the Non-nuclear Club is a concrete expression. There is a hope of uniting the party on the latter: there is no hope of uniting it on Duncan Sandys's concept of the British bomb as a weapon that in certain circumstances might be used first. Mr Gaitskell must now recognise that, if his Non-nuclear Club is to carry the movement with any enthusiasm, he must show that it is a genuine and viable plan – not just an excuse for keeping the bomb on the grounds that France will not join the Club. Mr Cousins, in fact, is right to demand that the party should state explicitly what it means: he is right, too, to demand that if he is to be expected to put aside unilateralism – the policy of the 'lead' in favour of the policy of the 'deal' – then he must be given in exchange a more vigorous lead towards that deal. There are some items in Mr Cousins' seven-point resolution which just don't add up: these the leadership cannot be expected to accept. But there are others, notably the three points which Mr Cousins himself raised in the joint talks, which are perfectly compatible with the 'bargaining' policy. If these were to be incorporated in the new Executive statement to be presented to the party conference at Blackpool, it would leave Mr Cousins without a viable objective for which he could command the loyalty of his troops; and it would deny the Tories a split to exploit.

That once again is in the short term. But it holds the key to the future. If Mr Gaitskell is now wise enough to consider with care and humility the grievances which lie behind Mr Cousins' abortive revolt and to realise that it is in his power to redress most of them without sacrificing any essential position, he can offer the party at Blackpool a policy which would convincingly challenge the nuclear policies of the present government and offer the young idealists of the Labour movement with a clear cause for which to fight. If he misses this chance, which he has won for himself by his resolute response to last week's challenge, he will find, first, that he has won the plaudits of the right at the cost of disillusion and apathy among much of his own rank and file; and secondly that the challenge will be repeated after the election. By that time Mr Cousins may be commanding a far bigger army.

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New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1

Comments on the Week's News

Breaking the Deadlock

Lord Birkett has undertaken a difficult task as chairman of the talks between the printing unions and the master printers. But at least the deadlock has been broken, and both sides have been brought together in private talks – and, in the circumstances, that may be a much better procedure than either formal arbitration or indirect negotiation through one of the Ministry of Labour's professional conciliators. For both sides, finding the trial of strength inconclusive, may be more willing to try for a compromise in confidential talks than they would be if they were bargaining in the dark. By proposing a list of 'impartial' chairmen, and by securing the services of Lord Birkett, the unions have in fact managed to get negotiations going again within the industry, and they have avoided the reference to outside arbitrators which the employers wanted. In this respect, as in the concessions made to prevent the closure of the national press, the trade union side has played its cards carefully and to good effect: their policy throughout has been to draw a distinction between 'reasonable' and 'unreasonable' printers, and it has therefore been in their interest to play ball both with those who have accepted their terms and those, like the daily newspaper proprietors, who may bring some backstairs pressure on the master printers. The negotiations are bound to be complex, technical and possibly protracted. But if some 'token' concession on hours is made by the employers – and the unions seem to be more concerned about the demand for the 40-hour week than about the wage-claim – there could be a return to work while the talks continue.

This journal continues to be printed, with full union approval, in a trade union house which is not involved in the dispute.

The 40-hour Week

A great deal depends upon the final settlement of the printing dispute. One of the reasons why the master printers decided to resist the claim for a 40-hour week was their belief that the print unions were trying to set the pace on this matter for the trade union movement as a whole. This view is now confirmed by decisions taken last week by the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions, by the mineworkers and by the railwaymen. Together these three groups make up a majority of the unions affiliated to the TUC, and their decision to act in concert makes the campaign for the 40-hour week a demonstration of industrial unity which recalls the formation of the Triple Alliance 40 years ago. There are obvious advantages in co-ordinating a claim of this kind, especially as somewhat different reasons prompt the various unions to make it. The railwaymen and miners, for instance, are both much more concerned about declining employment in their industries than are the engineers. But the decision of the council of the Confederation seems to have been prompted by the recent ruling of the Industrial Disputes Tribunal on its 40-hour week claim. In rejecting the claim at the present time the Tribunal did not put it completely out of court: on the contrary, it implied that the claim would stand a better chance if it were to be related to similar demands elsewhere in industry. That is what the Confederation has sought to do in forming this working alliance with the miners and railwaymen.

Birmingham Reaches Out

On Monday a ten-day public inquiry starts into Birmingham's request to build a 40,000 population 'garden suburb' covering 2,500 acres in Worcestershire and Warwickshire. In effect the proposal means a boundary extension. The city claim that this is the only way to solve their overspill problem, since the government will not build a new town, there are few sites left in the city, and expansion of nearby towns under the Town Development Act will make only a small contribution. The application will almost certainly fail, but for the wrong reasons. It is right to stop the big cities growing bigger by girdling them with strongly held green belts. But the pressures which make a green belt necessary must be absorbed somewhere, and it is here that Birmingham, Worcestershire, Warwickshire and – most of all – the government are being singularly unintelligent. As a glance at the latest figures of population growth would show, the overspill problem is very much larger than most people think. Birmingham are defeating their purpose by pretending that one more 'modest extension' is all they need. And they should follow the excellent example of the LCC in persuading industry to move out and in helping small towns to build the factories and houses needed. If Worcestershire and Warwickshire are going to keep Birmingham at bay, it is in their interests to encourage town expansions well outside the green belt by giving technical and financial aid.

Children's Hospitals

New patterns of treatment have resulted in many changes in the use of hospitals. These have mostly been achieved smoothly and efficiently through the regional planning and group management system set up by the 1946 Act. With the decline in the need for infectious diseases and tuberculosis beds accommodation has been made available for new specialised units, and modern techniques for the care of aged and long-stay patients have largely displaced the old chronic sick hospital. All this is a tribute to the planning machinery of the National Health Service. Unfortunately there are flaws, which are apparent where new methods are not yet clearly established, but remain the subject of controversy. Such is the case with children's hospitals, in which field an aggravated case has arisen. Recently opposition was raised by a proposal to change the character of the Queen Mary's Hospital for Children at Carshalton. The Minister has now thought again, but his second thoughts are worse than his first. He now proposes to retain Queen Mary's as a children's hospital providing treatment for both physically and mentally sick children, but this is to be achieved by the virtual destruction of the Fountain Hospital, Tooting, where advanced – indeed, unique – treatment is provided for mentally defective children by a skilled and experienced team. The proposal is to send 300 mentally defective children from the Fountain to Queen Mary,s and to send others elsewhere. It is hard to understand how this can be suggested at a time when legislation is opening up new opportunities for mental treatment. The only answer is surely to retain both hospitals in their present form until there is a reasonable measure of agreement, about the whole subject of child treatment.

Challenge to Verwoerd

The incident of Japie Basson is intriguing and may be significant. This young Nationalist MP from South-West Africa defied Prime Minister Verwoerd, his government and party by speaking against the Bantustan bill which abolishes white representation of Africans in the South African parliament. He was forthwith expelled from the National parliamentary caucus, and Dr Verwoerd himself took the initiative in demanding his expulsion from the party. Despite this high-level intervention, the territorial committee of the party has now refused to expel him. The basic reason behind this defiance is the growing fear amongst the German community of South-West Africa of the economic consequences of *apartheid*. Already the effects of world hostility are being felt in a curtailment of investment and a consequent recession which has led to considerable unemployment. In South-West Africa there is a large iron field, in which the Americans are very interested, seeing it as a reserve source of steel supply for future American needs. They realise that the imposition of *apartheid* will seriously damage their chances of organising an efficient labour force in the area. When these fears of Nationalist businessmen – aggravated by the growing effects of boycott – are added to the intellectual criticisms which have grown in the universities over the past two years, the Nationalist Party may be said to be closer to serious division than at any time since it took office in 1948. Talk of a coalition between moderate Nationalists and right-wing United Party members has been revived. Much of this is wishful thinking, for the Nationalists still have an overwhelming majority and powerful discipline.

Homeless Families

Some time ago, in this journal, Mrs Audrey Harvey drew attention to the conditions in which homeless families were accommodated in the London County Council shelters at Newington Lodge and Norwood House. In particular, she argued that the policy of separating the husband or father from his family was undesirable, and that this was one of the hardships used to deter applicants or to persuade inmates to move out as quickly as possible. Though the chairman of the LCC welfare committee protested that Mrs Harvey's comments were unfair and based on hearsay, the facts she gave – and they were reports of her own observations – were not effectively challenged. Both Newington Lodge and Norwood House remain in use: in the year ending 28 March 1959, some 993 women and 2,334 children were admitted to Newington Lodge. But we are glad to learn that the LCC intends to change its policy. How long both institutions remain in use 'depends on the fulfilment of plans the Welfare Committee of the Council have under consideration now'. It is not yet known what alternative provision is to be made by these plans, though the welfare department has stated that they 'provide for the temporary accommodation of the complete family, i.e., including the husband and father'. This is good news, for acommodation has previously been provided for complete families in a few special cases, after an initial separation that may have lasted for several months. It is equally important that children should not be separated from their mothers, and we hope that the LCC's plans for closing these Poor Law barracks will include special help for women with children who have been deserted or widowed. This new attitude on the part of the LCC should be a lead to other local authorities.

News From Our Own Correspondents

Washington

To and Fro

Now that Secretary Herter and his colleagues have returned to the thin, chill air of the Geneva summit, the gloom among officials remaining in this humid capital is deeper than ever about the prospects of the foreign ministers' talks. The prevailing view in the State Department and the press is that further conversations with Mr Gromyko can only be a waste of time. It is believed that the best that can come out of these negotiations is some face-saving interim statement about Berlin designed to enable Mr Eisenhower to make a graceful ascent to the summit while otherwise having as little substantive effect on the Berlin situation as possible. Even this dreary best may have the defect of unsettling the nerves of the uneasy West Berliners.

Paradoxically enough, this pessimism does not extend to the subject of the grand summit rally of the heads of state themselves. Mr Eisenhower may be looking forward to a meeting with Krushchev with the same eagerness one awaits a session with the dentist, but there is nevertheless a general expectation that a summit meeting in the early autumn is almost inevitable. Feelings about such a meeting are distinctly mixed. Many Democrats, notably former Secretary of State Acheson and ex-Ambassador Averell Harriman, are worried by Krushchev's aggressive, ebullient mood and deplore the administration's repeated reductions in American military strength and general lack of any sense of crisis or urgency. In other quarters, there is the persistent hope that the Russians are as uninterested in waging a nuclear war as is the West and that Krushchev may have significant proposals which he will confide to no other ears than those of Eisenhower.

Certainly Secretary Herter is no man to protect Mr Eisenhower from an unwilling attendance at a summit meeting. The late Mr Dulles, with spectacular adroitness and determination, manoeuvred last year to prevent such a conference which had at first seemed sure to occur. Herter, however, has none of his predecessor's pessimistic Calvinist spirit nor his singleminded persistence. For nearly 30 years, he has been climbing to his present eminence in the step-by-step tread of the dutiful professional politician. He is a man of cautious and equable temper; venturing little, he will neither obstruct nor create. Herter bespeaks the consensus and the present consensus in America is that while the foreign ministers' meeting is a waste, probably more good than harm will come from a confrontation of the heads of state.

Much attention in the recent interlude between the first and second rounds of Geneva talks has meanwhile been devoted to two trips, one past and the other prospective. The first was that of Frol Kozlov, the First Deputy Premier of the Soviet Union, who made a rapid transcontinental tour this month. Like Mikoyan earlier this year, Kozlov received his most cordial and respectful hearing from gatherings of top-flight industrialists. This probably had more to do with the curiosity of one power elite about a member of a rival elite than it did with a desire for increased trade or any considered view of Soviet-American relations. Otherwise, Kozlov in no way duplicated Mikoyan's public relations triumph. Here and there he was met by pickets and the mayor of Detroit refused to receive him, but the overwhelming mass of Americans observed his travels with apathy.

The other foreign trip is that of Vice-President Nixon to Russia. More than 60 newspapermen are scheduled to accompany him. This jet-powered junket has become the most talked-about journey since Mr Eisenhower went to Geneva in 1955. Nixon, whose career for some years has consisted wholly of gestures and pilgrimages, is about to bring his progress to some new improbable peak. Moscow may await his coming with calm, but Washington is breathless.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

(Mr Shannon is acting as our American Correspondent while Mr Bendiner completes a book.)

Paris

Twilight on Montparnasse

Our Paris correspondent writes: The heat wave had its victims everywhere. The Tour de France has lost its fervour, no one is interested in the Quartorze Juillet and one wonders if the foreign tourists will long persevere in their visits to historical places which have been turned into something like a Turkish bath. In Paris there was even a strike against the heat. The employees of a bank, working in an ultra-modern building – a sort of greenhouse which traps the rays of the sun – went on strike in protest against the absence of air-conditioning: since 25 June, 16 employees have had to be taken to hospital.

The cinemas are for the most part empty, with the exception of the few which are air-conditioned. It seems that Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible* has stood up best to the heat, and it continues to draw enthusiasts for the Russian cinema. Another success is La Rotonde, once the best known café in Montparnasse, which was changed, on 1 July, into 'the most functional cinema in the world'. This, in fact, is something less sensational than is claimed by the publicity. The Parisian critics are not persuaded that the equipment – which enables one to listen to the dialogue in several languages and is modelled on that used at the UN – is really suitable for the cinema. Their strictures may perhaps be explained by the fact that the French resent the disappearance of the Rotonde, feeling that they have lost part of their national heritage.

The transformation of La Rotonde has been described as a sign that the *quartier* is dying: Montparnasse has been struck off the list of 'cultural centres' in Paris. But as I read a mournful article that *France Observateur* has devoted to this event I wonder whether the faithful customers of the St Germain cafes are feeling equally uneasy. Why has Montparnasse died? The tourist coaches continue to stop outside La Rotonde and the night clubs spring up all round to trap their passengers. They are carefully shown where Henry Miller sat, where James Joyce strolled, where Picasso sketched. But what is missing from Montparnasse is its own life. For one forgets too easily that in its great days La Rotonde was a café for poor men, that Lenin and Trotsky – not to speak of Modigliani – hadn't much cash and they would have roared with laughter if they could have seen printed on the bills the inscription '*Rendez-vous de l'élite intellectuelle*'.

Isn't this becoming equally true of St Germain des Près? One can think what one likes about the existentialist epoch, in which Sartre, Camus and a whole gang of admirers strolled up and down between the church of St Germain and the Solferino Metro. Whatever one's view of them, there is no doubt that they had their own life, that they talked with genuine conviction and not simply to amuse the rubber-necks. Today there are no existentialists in the *quartier*, but there are expensive night clubs and prices in such cafés as the Deux Magots are as high as those on the Champs Elysées. Commercially this is a gain for St Germain, just as Montparnasse once grew fat on the reputations of poor painters. But in the long run the day may come when the Café Flore will in its turn be transformed into a cinema.

Westminster

Back to Life

Three weeks ago the Parliamentary Labour Party was as dull as ditchwater and more nearly dead. In the smoking room the main argument was whether those windows on to the river should be left open, at the expense of cricks in the neck, or closed, at the expense of fumigation; and in the tearoom there was some listless conversation about whether Surrey could, after all, make it for the eighth time. But, on Monday of this week, the atmosphere seemed to have changed. One saw groups of two or three talking seriously; some were even listening.

They were, of course, anxiously trying to decide whether the General and Municipal Workers Union, led by Sir Tom Williamson – though none mentioned Sir Tom or, if they did, they were referring to Sir Tom O'Brien – and the Transport and General Workers Union, led by Mr Frank Cousins – and everybody mentioned Mr Frank Cousins – had done some harm to Labour's prospects at the next election. About half the members I spoke to thought 'yes'. A party apparently divided about the most serious political issue of the day could not expect to become the government of tomorrow.

Then there was the interest in the personal positions of Mr Hugh Gaitskell and Mr Frank Cousins. So far as I could get a consensus of opinion, it was that for the time being Mr Gaitskell, especially by his reasoned moderation in Cumberland, had done himself some good, and that Mr Frank Cousins, by trimming his beliefs in the interests of the party, had done himself some harm. There was interest, too, in discussing the merits of the block vote – and rather more voices seemed this week to be raised against it than in the days when the Transport and General was owner-driven by Mr Arthur Deakin – and in discussing whether the Labour Party conference should decide policy for a Labour government – though this, after some attempts to define what really is democracy, was diverted down such channels as: is there going to *be* a Labour government? But perhaps the most interesting thing of all is that no one in my hearing asked me or anyone else, not even himself, about *Tory* policy. Why is this so? Why is there no debate about Tory policy on the H-bomb? Is it because debate could have no effect on this policy, because one can expect nothing more hopeful from the Tories than that, at the first sign of trouble, however slight, Britain should find herself naked, except for a weapon which must mean her immediate suicide?

I did, however, feel that the interest which the Parliamentary Labour Party is beginning to take once more in itself may well reflect an interest which millions of people, confused and anxious about the Bomb, are capable of taking too; that people who know that, just possibly, their own lives may be at stake can see through old-fashioned Beaverbrook campaigns about splits, can want to think for themselves what is best and can lean to a party which is trying to think for itself, too.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

The Big Money

It was perhaps appropriate – at any rate it is illuminating – that Lord Kemsley should announce he was talking to Mr Roy Thomson on the same day as both sides in the printing dispute decided that it was possible for them to talk to each other.

For Mr Roy Thomson, owner of 28 Canadian and American newspapers, of the *Scotsman*, and of Scottish TV, whose attempt to add the *Glasgow Herald* to his empire was only recently beaten off, is by no means in the newspaper business solely for his own or anyone else's health. His bid for the Kemsley chain, which includes four provincial morning papers, seven provincial evenings and a number of provincial weeklies, as well as the *Empire News* and the *Sunday Graphic* (leaving aside Lord Kemsley's especial pride, the *Sunday Times*, which is on a different level from all the others), is bound to make it more difficult for the spokesman of the Newspaper Society to argue in front of Lord Birkett that the financial prospects of the provincial press are too gloomy for a discussion of higher wages and shorter hours to be taken seriously.

The short answer to that obviously now is: 'Why then is Mr Roy Thomson so anxious to get into the industry in a big way?' Moreover, Thomson's bid follows closely on the various millionaire deals in periodicals also involved in the dispute: the *Mirror-Pictorial* purchase of the Amalgamated Press and the Odhams' purchase first of Hulton Press and then – after keen bidding by the *News of the World* – of Newnes. It is true that, on the selling side, these transactions indicate that the need for consolidation has become a potent factor in determining the future shape of the industry. But the prices paid also make it clear that there are quite a number of well-informed persons who still think that there are substantial profits to be made out of newspaper and periodical publishing.

Here indeed is the problem. No one is going to persuade anyone that the millionaire magazine groups cannot afford to pay more; or that the sort of provincial evenings and mornings that Mr Thomson is casting his sharp commercial eye over cannot do so either – especially since a great many of such papers, while indignantly lining up with the rest to reject the unions' demand for a 40-hour week, have themselves been working a 37½-hour week for some time. Moreover, not only are a considerable number of the better organised and more efficient general printing houses well able to meet the conditions the unions require; many of them have in fact agreed to do so despite the Master Printers' Federation. They are getting in return sensible rewards in increased productivity and in the abandonment of restrictive practices. Yet it is probably equally true that a significant part of the industry would be quite incapable of fulfilling all the union demands without grave danger of going out of business. Some may do so anyway as a result of losses arising from the dispute. In fact both the unions' case and the employers' case are true – according to which part of the industry and which set of figures you look at. Where the trouble arises, is in trying to negotiate within the framework of one national agreement for an industry which differs so enormously within itself. The unions understandably see no reason why the pace should be set by the slowest – the managements argue that the industry must be looked at as a whole and not judged on its most profitable sections.

In such circumstances the most sensible course would seem to be to recognise that the attempt to negotiate a national agreement covering such divergent groups is bound to create difficulties. It really is absurd that great publishing empires like Odhams and the Amalgamated Press should be judged by the same standards as small provincial printing firms. This is true over the whole newspaper and publishing field indeed. For whereas in many industries it can legitimately be argued, as it often is by the unions, that it is no part of their business to keep the inefficient alive and that by demanding what the best can pay they force the worst to come nearer to that level in order to survive, such judgments do not, and cannot, operate in the newspaper and magazine industry to the same degree – simply because it is not just an industry. Newspapers and periodicals serve particular publics. Their nature and to some extent their level of industrial organisation is determined by their purpose. The real question which ought to concern both sides in the industry is not how to produce a Procrustes' bed on which rich and struggling must alike be compelled to lie, but how to develop a sufficiently flexible system of agreements to enable newspapers, periodicals and printing and publishing houses with vastly different functions to carry on their varying public functions on an economic basis without forcing any to alter their essential nature.

Moreover it is clear that even if such a flexible system could be secured both sides of the industry have got to realise that they are faced with new conditions. The days of almost automatic expansion are over. In such circumstances the only real hope for all except the richest and most powerful groups, and perhaps in the long run even for them, is a substantial technological revolution. New processes will have to be introduced. Such processes are in many cases already available. If, now that both sides are at last ready to talk, they can be brought to talk not only about the immediate conditions for resuming work, but also about the fundamental technical changes that are likely to be required over the next few years, then good may come out of this dispute in the end.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The New Serfdom

DR VERWOERD and the mining magnates of Johannesburg are more worried than they will ever admit by the recent call from international trade unionists for a ban on the migration of African labourers from other territories into South Africa. For, despite the Nationalist government's talk of preventing 'foreign Natives' from settling in the Union and of expelling the 750,000 now there, it needs them to labour in the two places which local Africans shun if they can – the mines and the farms.

It may come as a surprise to British readers that their government is the Nationalists' chief helper in meeting this need. The proportion of Union Africans in the mines is dropping slowly but steadily, and in 1957 they formed only one third of the 325,000-strong African labour force. The British Protectorates of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland, together with Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, provided 79,500 men. And each of these had to separate from his family.

In addition to mine labourers, there are at present in the Union more than 330,000 Africans from the three Protectorates, and almost 70,000 from Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. Very many of these have settled in the towns, accepting the oppression of *apartheid* to escape the poverty of their homelands. In choosing this urban life they keep company with a third of the Union's 9.5 million Africans; for, bitterly hard as life in the towns is for almost all Africans, it is so superior to that on the farms that they have streamed townwards ever since industrialisation began in earnest in the war years.

This drift to the towns has increased the apparently insatiable demand of white farmers for cheap and docile black labour, compared with which the needs of the mines seem small beer. And, whereas the mines at least guarantee a pittance of 4s. 3d. for a day's work underground – with adequate rations, medical attention and a barrack bunk thrown in – the farmers guarantee nothing except hard work. So, as the farmers have heavily weighted votes, the Nationalist government must, like its United Party predecessor, drum up labour for them. In doing so, the Nationalists have thought up some new ideas. One of them is to face Africans from the Protectorates and other territories, however long they have lived and worked in the Union, with deportation unless they then 'volunteer' for farm labour.

A question asked in the House of Commons recently was meant to focus British attention on yet another scheme which, though it also affects British subjects, is aimed primarily at Union Africans. Under an administrative scheme which the Nationalists quietly introduced in 1954, Africans who are arrested in urban areas because their passes are allegedly not in order – a criminal offence – are not charged. Instead, they are officially induced to escape prosecution by 'volunteering' for three to six months labour on a private farm for about 2s. a day. In theory, the choice between such a contract and facing prosecution, which usually results in a £2 fine or a week in jail, is explained to the arrested men in their own language. In practice, with farmers' lorries waiting outside and Africans not used to thinking that they have a right to anything (even a criminal prosecution), the system is constantly abused. There are, moreover, indications of a connection between the frequency of police 'pass-raids' and the predictable seasonal labour requirements of maize and other farmers.

This 'volunteer' system is, even under Nationalist law, illegal. It was first officially exposed in 1957 by Mr Joel Carlson, the Johannesburg attorney who handled the Nelson Langa case, which readers of this journal may remember. Where labourers are actually locked up *habeas corpus* applications can succeed, and this year Mr Carlson brought a number of these on behalf of frantic relatives of men who had disappeared and, in police parlance, been 'sold' to farmers.

Statement after statement sworn by arrested men has told of threats of long hard-labour sentences in notorious prisons unless they 'volunteered' for private farms; of reluctant and illiterate thumbs pressed on to inking pads and contracts; of pre-dawn to post-dusk labour, dressed in sacks, under club-swinging black boss-boys; of nights crowded on to concrete bunks or floors; of filthy and frequently of locked buildings; of diets of porridge and weak coffee and of brutal assaults on those caught trying to escape.

It is one of the redeeming features of South Africa's English-language press that, where mining interests are not directly involved, it is capable of occasional crusades against the excessive abuse of non-whites. Following the ex-

humation of an alleged 'volunteer's' body on a farm some weeks ago, this press mobilised behind Mr Carlson's private crusade that (strictly white) public opinion which can sometimes still win a minor concession from the Nationalists. The scheme has now been temporarily suspended, whilst a commission of government officials and white farmers investigates it. Meanwhile, of course, the government continues to lease short-term African convict 'volunteers' to private farmers, who pay them 9d. a day plus the minimum of food, clothing and quarters. During the year 1953–1954 – there are no later figures available – 100,000 convicts were traded in this way – and this system is a genuine improvement on that previously operated by the United Party.

The Nationalists must also be given credit for the idea of getting farmers to build private jails, which are then stocked with long-term prisoners for whose use the government is paid 2s. a day. There are now nearly 20 such jails, most of them officially opened by the Minister of Justice with homilies about the rehabilitative influence on city criminals of open air rural life, and in 1953 they had a daily population of 4,600.

All those are, however, stop-gap measures, and the Nationalists' real achievement is of a more massive and lasting sort. There are to-day 7.5 million Africans resident on white farms; and, by tightening up traditional white control over the movement of all Africans, the Nationalists are creating the position where a farm labour-tenant cannot move even from one farm to another without permission, in the first place from his present *baas*. He and his children and his children's children will have to remain as farm labourers. The law of labour supply and demand is being abolished administratively and a new serfdom established.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

London Diary

WHEN I was young, papers like *Answers* and *Titbits* used to publish information paragraphs about the number of soup plates which, placed on top of one another, would reach the moon. In the days of sputniks our statistics have more relation to utility. They tell us now that if the eight million cars in England were out at the same time, they would fill all the roads on this island with only 44 yards between any two of them. So it is not a difficult sum to work out just how many more cars we need to get them bumper to bumper. This we already nearly achieve during fine week-ends on the way to the sea, and the authorities are discussing whether to prohibit all private transport to the coast at week-ends. (Just as during the week they will soon be compelled to restrict private cars in the cities.) The reason for this and many other social troubles is not, as the moralists love to suggest, that we are more wicked than we used to be, nor even that we are capitalists or Socialists. Quite simply, too many of us are crowded into a small space. Where the Socialist and capitalist argument comes in is merely in the manner of regulation. Applied to transport the only alternative to providing buses and trains for everyone is to preserve the roads for Rolls-Royces and Cadillacs. Symbolically, this is what all our politics are being reduced to. Because there are too many people, regimentation becomes unavoidable, and so Socialism's basic idea of substituting co-operation for jungle-fighting is lost; it becomes merely the demand for equal regimentation, instead of regimentation to suit a few.

Astonishing how even very clever people misunderstand the argument about over-population. A country is over-populated if a reduction in its numbers would make it happier, better off and freer. Yet you read solemn articles talking as if over-population meant that the world will suddenly starve if, at some unspecified point, population outruns the food supplies. No less fantastic is the talk of some scientists about the population danger being outdated by modern methods of production. When I first heard my friend J. D. Bernal talking like this, I thought he was indulging in one of those imaginative jests which no one without his extraordinary scientific knowledge and intellectual fecundity would think up. So far were we from over-population, he said, that X-million square miles of the world were scarcely populated at all, and it would quite possible, if we seriously called on science to concentrate on producing food, completely to fill up these empty spaces and still produce food enough for ten or was it a hundred times our present 2,800 millions. It was all very ingenious and amusing. But lately I have discovered that he wasn't joking. So angry is he – and with reason – with people who make over-population an excuse for poverty and neglect the plenty that science could provide, that he argues that we should first feed the astronomically increasing population and leave decisions about controlling its growth to these future generations. And yet you have only to go, say, to an Indian village, to see half-starving men, women and children whose poverty in this and the next generation the best scientific planning cannot substantially relieve without birth control. Moreover, the reason why so much regimentation is necessary – and it is excessive regimentation, not co-operation, that terrifies sensible people about the new Russia or China – is that you cannot apply the benefits of science to hundreds of millions of people without directing, controlling, dictating, bullying and generally pushing them around.

* * *

The most instructive contrast that I know of in the world is between the teeming misery of Calcutta and the smiling, leisurely life of Rangoon. Burma has a population of about 19 millions; if it were as crowded as Bengal, its population would be about 50 millions. The difference in human happiness is not, I believe, due to race, climate, soil or religion, except in so far as these factors may have an effect on the birthrate. Nor is it just a matter of food. Greatly increase Burma's food and it would still, I think, lose its happiness, if it were as physically crowded as Bengal. It is primarily a matter of having room and freedom from too much organisation. Most of our present miseries are directly or indirectly due to over-population. Or rather, I should say, they would all be manageable and redeemable if there were fewer of us. We can deal with the tiger and even with the donkey that are inside all of us if we don't all have to be herded. But essentially we are neither of those animals, whatever Herbert Spencer might say. We are apes of a sort, a branch of the monkey tribe, occasionally but not always gregarious, and instinctively we co-operate in small groups, not in millions.

* * *

A quality of Ernest Newman's that I have not seen mentioned in obituary notices was his affectionate and sympathetic interest in the generation young enough to be his great-grandchildren. It is true that his musical interests centred round the composers of his own youth, but his encouragement of young critics and amateurs was a charming characteristic. Many of them will have received (until his eyesight failed him) his prompt, clear, handwritten replies to their queries. An ex-president of the Oxford University Opera Club tells me of a warm letter, written shortly after Newman's 85th birthday, which thanked the Opera Club for their performance, and also for the cushions that protected him against the rigours of the Town Hall seats. Other young men will have experienced at first hand his shafts of wit – he remarked to one who confessed that he was attending his first *Rheingold:* 'Splendid. You must tell me what you think about it in the second interval.' After his sight failed, he eagerly accepted the help of these friends, welcoming summaries of new books and reports on recent research. But the wider circle of new young Wagnerians also have good reason to admire him. They don't seem to suffer from the Wagner mania that J. W. Turner used to deplore in this journal; but they do need to do a lot of homework before going to the operas, and there are no better books for them than Newman's original and scholarly works. Again, Newman himself was grateful for the work done by younger Wagnerians. I am told that a year or two ago, during an interval of the Covent Garden *Ring*, he re-enacted Hagen's Watch, commenting gratefully on the fresh insight he had gained on his last visit to Bayreuth from Wieland Wagner's production. He felt that the ivy of the years had been stripped and Wagner's oak was as the composer himself would now have wished it.

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Not satisfied with banning films with a colonial or anti-Asian bias, the PAP government in Singapore is suppressing 'salacious' magazines and newspapers, shady clubs, striptease shows, pin-tables and juke-box saloons. Most of these were run by Chinese, but they affected a minority of the population, and one of PAP's objects was to weaken the gangster and secret societies. There is also a ban on books, many of them in Chinese, published by Americans from Formosa and Hongkong, and often full of crudely anti-Communist propaganda. (The PAP's Five Year Plan has sold 100,000 copies in Chinese, which suggests that there is a ready market in Singapore for serious books in Chinese!) The interesting point about PAP's campaign against 'yellow culture' is that it is having a considerable effect upon the Malay population in the Federation. The Malays, as good Muslims, welcome, if with some surprise, the campaign against sex and sin which the still largely suspect government of Singapore is carrying out. The Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, is clever enough to see that one way of easing the path to unity with the Federation is to reduce these suspicions. The Socialism in which he believes must wait for Singapore and Kuala Lumpur to come together, but the process should be easier if the Malay population ceases to regard Singapore as a hotbed of Chinese vice.

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I have some sympathy with the lawyer who, because he was fed up with paying a first-class railway fare and not finding first-class accommodation, started to travel first-class on a second-class ticket and refused to pay the difference. It has always seemed to me that if I buy a ticket to Clapham and travel on to Victoria, I rightly have to pay the extra to the ticket-collector, but that the ticket-collector ought to pay me the difference if I buy a ticket to Victoria and get out at Clapham.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Asked by the Judge why she took off her petticoat in ——'s car on the Saturday, she explained: 'It was rather an expensive one and I knew what he was going to do but I was so frightened I couldn't stop him. I asked him if I could take it off as I did not want to get it crumpled.' – *News of the World*. (Silvia Sherlock.)

In 1939 Mrs Slack moved into a council house in Browning Road, Sheffield. The gas people were to disconnect her gas cooker and bring it from her old home to her new one.

But the cooker never arrived.

For twenty years Mrs Slack, now sixty-eight, waited. For twenty years she cooked on a coal fire.

She explains: 'My husband, Joe, was a quiet man. He didn't like making a fuss.' – *Sunday Pictorial* (Derek Steinberg.)

I am Mid-South organiser of the Conversing Travellers' Association, which exists to encourage strangers on public service vehicles to speak to one another when they wish. The difficulty being overcome when each wears a C.T.A. badge.

Now is the best time to join, when so many other do not have their usual reading matter to take away their attention while on journeys. – Letter in *Exmouth Journal*. (Roger Pugh.)

An electronic brain which provides 'yes' and 'no' answers to 12 religious questions is to be installed in Bury St. Edmunds Cathedral for the summer. – *News Chronicle*. (Robin Holliday.)

Replying to the debate, Mr. Currie said: 'We are not having anything in the Post Office which smacks of the customers always being right.'– *Daily Mirror*. (Silvia Sherlock.)

Passage to Notting Hill

Last week in 'Background to Trouble', J. P. W. Mallalieu reported on the physical conditions of life in the Notting Hill area of London and their bearing on the racial problem of that district. In the following article Dr Yehudi A. Cohen, of the Department of Sociology at Columbia University, examines the home living conditions of the West Indian emigrant and their bearing on his reaction to life in Britain.

Most of the discussions about the troubles in Notting Hill have concentrated on the attitudes of the local white population. But what of the West Indian migrants? Who are they? And what has driven them to take passage to England? On two occasions in the last ten years – in 1950–51 and in 1957 – I have spent considerable time in Jamaica doing sociological research, much of it in a small community in the central mountains, and I have been able to observe the patterns of social change that are taking place all over the island – changes in which economics and sex are interwoven, just as they are in Notting Hill.

After Jamaica became an English colony in 1670, it was developed as one of the main sugar producing centres of the Empire: the nature of the crop demanded a large labour supply that could be met only by the slave trade. But slavery in Jamaica had its special sources of humiliation and degradation. Since slaves were treated as chattels, they were forbidden by law to marry and could be forced to mate and breed like other chattels; slave owners and overseers could take any slave woman for themselves, regardless of their ties, while a slave man could summarily be put to death for trying to keep his family intact or for making similar advances toward white women. Such memories do not die easily.

Jamaica is still a colour-conscious island, among the peasants as well as among the city folk, although a superficial view of island life gives an impression of inter-racial placidity and harmony. The urban population, coloured and white, has always been more colour-conscious than people in the rural areas, but in the last five or six years – the peak period of migration from Jamaica to England – both the urban and rural groups have increased their awareness of colour differences.

Newsreels in Jamaican cinemas usually include one item dealing with relations between the races. I was interested in Jamaicans' responses to films in general, but my notes for 1950–1951 do not contain any references to noticeable responses to racial scenes in the newsreels. This had changed in 1957. I was at the movies in Kingston shortly after Althea Gibson won the women's tennis championship at Wimbledon. There was no particular response from the audience when the Queen was shown in her box at the tournament. (Jamaican audiences usually include a noticeable number of people who sit through the playing of the anthem which precedes each show.) There was a mild scatter of applause when Miss Gibson won the final game. But there were tumultuous applause and cheers at the scene showing Her Majesty shaking hands with Miss Gibson after presenting her with the champion's cup.

One of the Jamaican institutions which interested me greatly was the local market where the peasant farmers sell their food. During both trips to Jamaica I spent many hours in one of the larger markets in the central mountains being jostled, pushed, shouted at, and the like, while observing and studying the many goings on. I was fairly well known among the market people and after a while they would pay little attention to me. Never once during my first trip to Jamaica were any racial references made to me in the market. On my first trip to the same market in 1957, I was ambling down a narrow and cluttered aisle looking for familiar faces when a very short coloured woman with a sack of yams on her head shoved me out of her way. I jumped aside and looked down to see if I recognized her; she looked up at me, stopped short, and tremulously said: 'Black woman touch white man, eh?' I laughed, thinking that she was joking and assured her that it was all right.

'That all right?' she asked.

'Sure,' I answered. She looked puzzled and confused. The same incident, totally alien to this market seven years before, was repeated several times.

Jamaicans love to travel and they are forever day-dreaming about trips to the United States or to England. There are many reasons for this. Not to be discounted among these reasons is the fact that any country which owns colonies has a tremendous fascination and an almost mysterious quality for its dependencies. Jamaicans for many years have been in the habit of referring to England as 'home' even though they have never been there. But the principal reason for the Jamaicans' desire to travel is an economic one. The standard of living for most of the population in Jamaica is low while the cost of most items is relatively high. Most Jamaicans are either farmers with very small holdings, plantation workers, factory workers, or menial labourers. Unemployment figures range from 20 to 30 per cent of the labour force. Most farming is done by hand and almost no small farmers have more than machetes, hoes and digging sticks with which to eke out a living from the often unfriendly soil. Hurricanes and droughts make life even more precarious for most of the population. What is more, farming is considered by most Jamaicans to be a low-prestige and undesirable occupation.

There are a few more than a million and a half people in Jamaica, with a population density of about 350 persons per square mile. The pressure of population on the land is becoming worse as the infant mortality rate decreases and longevity increases. The greatest safety valve now is the industrialization of Jamaica, which is necessarily slow, and migration to England, which rose dramatically between 1950 and 1957. What made it possible for so many Jamaicans suddenly to find the money to pay for their passages?

The industrialized nations of the world have developed a voracious appetite and need for aluminium. Aluminium is required in missiles, planes, cars, boats of all sizes, pots and pans, prams – and in the aluminium foil which housewives now widely use in their ovens and freezing units. In the reddish soil of many parts of Jamaica is bauxite, from which aluminium is made. There are three companies mining bauxite in Jamaica, two American firms (Kaiser and Reynolds) and one Anglo-Canadian firm (Alumina Jamaica). With tremendous help from the Jamaican government, these corporations have bought vast amounts of farm land, they have built processing plants, and they have constructed new ports to facilitate the shipment of processed bauxite abroad. Large numbers of people are employed in all these activities, many of whom were unemployed or only occasionally employed before. Each acre which has been mined has yielded an average of about 38,000 tons of bauxite, valued at about £2 13s. a ton, thus yielding about £100,000 an acre. By July, 1957, these companies had acquired 136,472 acres; within the next 43 years they expect to have mined about 17,000 acres. But the migration to England cannot be explained in terms of people left landless and homeless, for only 3,000 of these 17,000 acres are agricultural lands.

Almost everyone in Jamaica has profited in one way or another from the new bauxite boom and there is hardly an area of Jamaican life which has not been affected by bauxite, directly or indirectly. industries are opening monthly in many sections of the island and are prospering. In May, 1957, for example, £1,967,000 worth of machinery, iron, and steel were imported by Jamaica from the United Kingdom alone; this was an increase of more than £300,000 over imports for May, 1956. One leading columnist in the Jamaican *Daily Gleaner*, commenting on the economic revolution being wrought in Jamaica, noted: 'Jamaica will eat its cake and still have it'. The tourist industry (and hotels, too) has risen to fabulous heights. As a result of all these developments, personal income and wealth have risen since 1952 to levels previously unheard of in Jamaica.

The new found wealth in Jamaica accrues to those who work for the bauxite companies and for the industries which have risen in the last five or six years as a result of the population's greater purchasing power. These new sources of wealth have also greatly affected the small farmer, who has not, at least on the surface, the remotest connection with bauxite or other new industries.

The community I studied in 1950–1951, and again in 1957, had about 280 people, most of whom were peasant farmers. Almost all of these people own their own land, their holdings ranging anywhere from four to 60 acres. Without exception they are extremely hard-working and industriou

and frugal. Each family has its secret cache of money and tied to these little hoards are definite goals, aspirations, and dreams. Their money comes from yams (a Jamaican staple), potatoes, corn, cassava, tobacco, mixed vegetables, eggs, goats, cattle, milk, citrus. Their ground products are sold to local middlemen (mostly women, known in Jamaica as 'higglers') who in turn sell it to private consumers in the markets or at town and city homes. The resort hotels have recently become lucrative outlets for the 'higglers'.

Within the first few minutes after my return to this community in 1957, after a six-year interval, I was struck by the large number of rebuilt homes on old sites, by the improved quality of clothing, by the number of acquaintances who were toothless in 1951 but who had acquired full sets of dentures in the interim (at 20 guineas a set), by the numbers of people who did not own a single pair of shoes six years before but who now went to work in shoes. I was struck by the greater friendliness of the adults and by the increased vitality of the youngsters who now had more to eat and more milk to drink. All these new facts puzzled me, expecially when I learned that not a single person from this community had gone to work in the bauxite mines. What I learned in the course of my study in 1957 enabled me to understand the events in Notting Hill 12 months later.

Rocky Roads – the fictitious name I shall give this community to preserve its anonymity – nestles high in one of the mountain ranges criss-crossing Jamaica. Its soil is bright red, but the bauxite firms have not bought any land in the district as yet. In order to understand some of the Rocky Roaders' attitudes we must first get a bird's-eye picture of the community's physical relations with the bauxite mining areas and the market town, Marlborough. Rocky Roads is about 12 miles to the north west of Marlborough Market, and Marlborough is about ten miles north of one mining area and about seven miles west of a second mining area. The basic facts of the economic situation here – and this pattern is repeated in many areas of Jamaica – are five in number: (1) The people employed in both mining areas purchase their food at Marlborough Market; (2) The Rocky Roaders sell their food at Marlborough Market; (3) The Rocky Roaders have not increased their production of food at all in the last seven years (but a huge supermarket has been built in Marlborough); (4) The Rocky Roaders are selling their foodstuffs at double the prices for which they sold them seven years ago; (5) Aside from the cost of housebuilding supplies, the cost of daily necessities for the average Rocky Roader has risen less than one per cent during the last seven years.

One of the results of this sudden influx of money into the peasant coffers – which dates from 1951–1952 – is that many Jamaicans now have the financial wherewithal with which to achieve many of the goals and dreams which were forced to lie dormant until now. Today's Jamaicans have an African ancestry; the aspirations and attitudes which have brought so many Jamaicans to Notting Hill in the last five or six years are not African values. Rather, these are the values of white English culture transmitted by slave-owners, missionaries, colonial governors and legislators, and the English press.

One of an anthropologist's many tasks in any community is to get a picture of the attitudes held by the people among whom he is living. The attitude-system of any group of people includes dozens of categories, having to do with religion, life and health, hospitality, sex, politics, work, residential patterns, family relations, and the like. But there are two sets of attitudes which are important to an understanding of why Jamaicans go to England – attitudes toward education and attitudes toward certain kinds of occupation.

Not all Jamaicans go to England to work and earn money. A fair percentage of them go to England to study; this is true of every Rocky Roader who goes to England, although it is surely not the case for all Jamaicans. Ninety-seven per cent of the people in Rocky Roads are literate (an unusual rate for a Jamaican community), but this is a figure which reflects the strong influence of the local Moravian Church and the attitude held by almost everyone in Rocky Roads that the only way by which one can improve his station in life is through the acquisition of an education. And throughout Jamaica the improvement of one's station in life means getting off the land and acquiring a profession or, as a second choice, some skilled occupation.

Farming as a way of life is deprecated by most Jamaicans; there are many reasons for this attitude toward farming – it is back-breaking work, and the small sizes of land-holdings, as well as the mountainous terrain, make mechanized farming almost impossible. Furthermore, it takes too many years to acquire enough money from small farming to educate all of one's children, a goal held by most Jamaican parents. Many people are forced off the land by population pressure on it: if a family with five children own seven acres of land, three of four of these children will have to leave the district. Not the least of the reasons contributing to the general Jamaican desire to get off the land is the low prestige position of the farmer in the total society.

Jamaicans go to England because they cannot acquire in Jamaica the education and industrial skills they desire. Law, for example, is the profession with most prestige in Jamaica; yet there are no law schools in Jamaica. The medical school of the University College of the West Indies, located in one of Kingston's suburbs, must take all the students it can accommodate from all the West Indian islands. A handful manage to get to the United Kingdom. The same holds true, incidentally, for most Jamaicans who wish to go beyond any secondary school – and many Jamaican secondary schools manage to discriminate against coloured students in one way or another.

Much the same holds true for those Jamaicans who wish to learn industrial skills. In an island country which had little industry to speak of before 1951, there was very little opportunity to acquire a skill. When the bauxite companies began their operations in Jamaica toward the end of the Korean War, they were forced to bring their own managers, foremen, instructors, and other supervisory personnel from European countries. Only a small proportion of the available Jamaican labour market could be trained in skilled occupations; the remainder – those who will wish to work for the bauxite or other industrial firms as they expand – have to go elsewhere. The United States issues visas for only a hundred Jamaicans a year; the United Kingdom has no immigration quotas for Jamaicans. Those Jamaicans who go to England to learn industrial skills are unskilled to begin with; they were accustomed to much more menial work at lower wages in Jamaica. As a result, they are understandably in a better competitive position on the English cheap-labour market. And they are accustomed to housing which is often worse than anything England has to offer.

Unskilled as these migrants are, however, they appear to continue to live by the value of industriousness and frugality which are so much a part of Jamaican life. That the social life of these Jamaicans in England has not broken down into a pattern of dissipation and immorality can be gathered from some of the statistics supplied by the Jamaican General Post Office concerning postal money orders received in Jamaica from Jamaican migrants in the United Kingdom; almost all this money is sent to relatives; in April, 1956 – £177,933; and in May, 1957 – £244,375. Jamaican students from the poorer classes, too, have been renting sub-standard housing in England. Such housing would seem more than adequate for students, too, after living in the rural or slum homes occupied by most peasant and lower-class Jamaicans. And the pressure and demand for low-cost housing in London and its surrounding districts has been one of the sources of tension between the racial groups. The economic and housing tensions which finally erupted into violence in Notting Hill were made inevitable several centuries ago.

YEHUDI A. COHEN

The Wakefield Revolution

THE Chief Prison Officer was reminiscing: 'When I joined the prison service 30 years ago we new recruits got ordinary prisoners' diet. If we asked our seniors questions we were told to "find out". We had to be in quarters by 9.30 every night. If the prison governor or a prison commissioner came round, we tried to make ourselves scarce. You'd get put on a charge if the governor saw you allow a prisoner to turn his head or walk too near the next man on the exercise-yard. We were told that our job was to "screw the prisoners down". We hated them and went out of our way to punish. The prisons were quiet because we subdued the prisoners. They behaved like animals at the crack of a whip. There were very few escapes. In one prison where I worked no one went over the wall in 18 years.'

The Chief paused. He wasn't standing at a bar, tankard in hand, praising the 'tough days'. He was beside a blackboard lecturing to 20 young prison officers, and deploring the English prison-system of 1928. He went on: 'But though no one escaped, men's souls "went over the wall". There were more suicides in prison then than there are escapes today. A colleague of mine testified seven times in 12 months in the Coroner's Court. Prisoners ran screaming out of their cells and threw themselves from the top of the building to the bottom. They may have been bad. But was there a cause? If they were fundamentally bad, why aren't you? And if prisoners aren't fundamentally bad why not do something to remedy their condition rather than make a further contribution to society's sins of omission? Punishment keeps men quiet in the short run; but it deflates and embitters. They go out sworn enemies of society. Something different is needed.'

The young warders who sat that morning in the lecture room at the Wakefield Training College of the Prison Commission – none had seen more than six years' service – had plenty of time to attack this new philosophy. But none of them did. Perhaps most were overawed by such 'high level' instruction. Perhaps 'catch 'em young' is as true of prison officers as it is of Jesuits. And yet most of these young men had listened to very different penological theories from their senior officers in the prisons where they worked – so much was clear later on. But the attentiveness of many, though not all, of the audience was not simulated. They reminded me of young soldiers responding to a new NCO who has 'an entirely fresh approach'.

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Question-time made clear what bothered many of them. It was the incompatibility of hoary regulations and of many senior officers' attitudes in the prisons where they worked with what they were being taught that morning at Wakefield.

'If we're to "mix in" and be social workers as well as prison officers, what about the rule that forbids us to be familiar? It doesn't leave much room for initiative.'

'Some of the very senior officers won't change; they're the men the young officers are told to consult. But they're shut off, they have their faces to the wall!'

'The new officers are between two fires. They don't know which method to adopt!'

The conservative ones had their say too, though they seemed a small minority: the new officers were over-confident, they said, some were too familiar with prisoners; they 'lounged about' and set a bad example.

In the coffee-break, I chatted with three members of the course. One of them suggested I should join his discussion-group of five. We sat in the library and debated the lecture we had just heard, for an hour. After we reassembled, our group recommended: that more of the trivial work in prison administration should be given to 'leaders' among the prisoners, so as to free prison officers for the job of getting to know and help prisoners; that instructors from the Wakefield Staff College should visit and teach in prisons; that prisons should be open to visits from members of the public ('We've got nothing to hide!').

The instructor listened carefully. He reacted to the suggestions of the student-officers as if this were a Whitley Council committee – receptively, constructively. And he added a few proposals of his own: the out-of-date prison regulations were being revised, he said; gradually groups of older prison officers were being called to Wakefield to study the new humane approach. ('We hope to outlive the unchangeably conservative ones. We'll win by sheer weight of numbers.') As for interesting the public in prison reform, the prison-officers themselves could, and should, give talks to clubs and organisations – to trade-union branches, for example, whose attitudes could be decisive on the question of allowing prisoners to do satisfying, properly paid work during their sentences.

I realised I was witnessing an attempt to initiate a revolution, a total change of attitude and feeling in men who wield unnatural and decisive power over their fellow-men. Can the attempt succeed? At present these four-day refresher courses for ordinary prison-officers are too short to be more than an introduction. Courses for governors and deputy-governors – on group-counselling of prisoners, for example – impart new techniques and occupy several weeks. But it's the ordinary officer who must be converted if real change is to come in the prisons. It's he who can make life for the prisoner either a wretched burden or a just human experience. This year, the Wakefield Training College is instructing no more than 300 officers in the new approach. At that rate it will take about ten years to give all British prison-officers the short reorientation course. What is needed is a doubling or trebling of the capacity of the Training College. One foresees, too, as a necessity, the holding of more substantial courses for all basic-grade prison-officers – in elementary sociology and psychology, for example. Four days of 'pep-talks' as at present undoubtedly arouse interest, but do the effects last long? Certainly most of the young officers I met on the course had it in them to be stirred and stimulated by more constructive things than judo and escort-duties.

DERRICK SINGTON

Diplomatic Squares

WHEN I began playing Diplomatic Circles, the kind of front-page paragraph commencing 'It is felt in London . . . ' pulverised me with dread. How dare I collect a salary for writing what London felt about – the new hem-line, say, let alone its intimate reflections on British bungling in the Trucial Oman. Who knew what London felt about any damn thing? The anonymous creators of those omniscient paragraphs filled me with awe and envy, until, meeting one of them in a fourth-rate pub off Whitehall – 'My God', he said aghast at my naiveté, 'You had better be inducted, fast.'

We crossed by the Cenotaph, and went through a baroque backyard like the servants' exit of the Doge's Palace, only more so, into a corridor painted with Venetian gravy about 150 years ago. 'Rather fine, eh?' My colleague's umbrella made an ample gesture; 'the Yanks love it. Chap from the *Alabama Mail* wanted to buy a door knob, for a souvenir you know, but the Ministry of Works wouldn't let him.' Queen Victoria frowned at the cloakroom, her pekingese features oddly brown. Someone had evidently thrown tea at the portrait. 'No, it's dust', explained my friend, 'ton of dust at the FO. Chap told me it gathers above the central heating.'

We sat down in a room full of men, propped against filing cabinets, couchant on a window ledge or sharing both arms of a chair. There weren't enough seats. 'Never are', he whispered; 'matter of policy.' No one bore the least resemblance to my idea of a diplomatic correspondent, except one aloof, silvery presence who was later identified as a minor cog in the Beaverbrook machine. For the remainder, they could have been delegates to a white fish marketing conference. 'Of course, they're mainly colonial', said my guide pityingly; 'all the poor devils can do is trot from here to the Colonial Office, getting denials.' The important men, apparently, didn't bother to attend the noon gathering, but were briefed privately later on. *The Times* junior leader-writers came for a quiet chat in the afternoon, just to get the atmosphere right.

At 12.30, a cortege of Foreign Office gentlemen lined up with their backs to the wall, amid strained silence. 'I must apologise for the delay', mumbled one, consulting his watch and the clock with pained deliberation; 'we're 30 seconds late, ah-hum.' Afterwards I learnt this was a daily ritual, adopted to impress Levantine journalists who naturally had no conception of time. Having checked his watch again, the Spokesman sat warming his back by the generously-heaped coal fire. It was unlit, because summer had officially come to Whitehall although the rest of England froze. Rubbing a chilblain, the Spokesman gazed at us, expectantly. We gazed back. His advisers examined a damp mark on the ceiling or stared gloomily at a tight silhouette breasting Horse Guards Parade.

Just when my nerves reached cracking-point, a high voice shot from the back row: 'Would HMG care to say whether, in view of China's attitude, and Mr Krushchev's last letter but two, there might now be a certain degree of . . . probability?' This caused much shifting of eye-brows among the personnel, while the press exchanged urbane winks. ('Nice bowling', muttered someone behind me.)

'At this juncture,' the Spokesman coughed significantly, 'it would be premature to elaborate on the er . . . hint, delivered by the Foreign Secretary 15 – no, I beg your pardon, 16 months ago.'

Instead of being downcast by the reply, everyone chuckled in appreciation, and the cricketer behind me said 'Over.' All the questions which followed, about nuclear testing, the next war, current invasions and so forth, met a perfunctory 'No comment,' but no one seemed to mind. 'It's traditional routine', said my inductor looking up from his earliest edition of the *Evening Standard*, which already bore marginal quotes; 'we don't expect any answer.' A haggard young man, in a blazer blotched with ketchup, asked the Spokesman bitterly if more than 5,000 tribesmen had been abducted from Yemen and why. The Spokesman said he would consult the treaty of 1848. 'Chap from the *Daily Worker*,' came a yawn at my ear.

Another dreadful silence fell, swollen with thoughts of lunch. Then – as if a whistle had blown, everyone dived into a scrum round the chilblained official. 'You understand, now he's become a Diplomatic Circle,' explained my colleague; 'and the other bods are Usually Reliable Sources.' To my disappointment, they wore neither pin-stripe nor morning coats. One Reliable Source even had a green tie from Marks and Spencer, with the kind of accent put on by male leads in Croydon amateur dramatic league. 'He can speak Urdu,' it was noted in extenuation.

An Informed Circle with a bleak unhappy smile, kept on apologising for his caution over the Middle East crisis, because he'd been transferred from Finland only the week before. He hadn't even time to brush up his treaties. A batch of nine-foot American correspondents held their own in the scrum, compelling me and a midget from Tokyo to wriggle hopefully under elbows. The atmosphere was refreshingly informal: while an Egyptian flattened the uprooted Finnish expert against a map of Siberia dated 1904, five Israelis probed a small Diplomatic Circle as if removing the dormouse from its teapot. The Israelis (representing five implacably opposed political papers) moved like a rugger team into the FO dormouse, but he wouldn't budge. All I could hear filtering through the rampart of American backs were guffaws and thuds: 'Hu-llo Jasper'; '*Eg*bert you old so-and-so!' Would I ever dare to call the chilblained demigod by his first name? 'Of course, after 15 years or so,' they assured me.

Then, quite suddenly, everyone had gone, and I had no idea what London felt about China. 'That's irrelevant,' said my teacher patiently, 'provided you write diplomatic grammar. Stick to double negation – you know the sort of thing, "One cannot rule out the possibility . . ." And use the passive, always. Never put down a short word if a long word will do.' He ran through a list of essential terms, urging the introduction of '*rapprochement*' whenever humanly possible. 'Write, "informed observers think," if it's really your own opinion.'

'But supposing' – I managed to hide my shame – 'I have no opinion at all?'

'How original you could be,' derided a Liberal leader-writer – brilliant, apparently – who was almost cleft in two from sitting on the fence. 'Begin every paragraph "on the other hand", and you avoid any opinion.' His leader column sprouted hands like a Hindu god.

Brooding on their advice, I left the baroque cloakroom and walked out, past Number Ten. A huge crowd of tourists watched me with deep reverence. One took off his hat. I bowed from the waist, modestly.

GERDA L. COHEN

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The Arts and Entertainment

The Presence and the Voice

THE Stratford production of *Coriolanus* is the first bad mistake Peter Hall has, to my knowledge, made. Not that it is wrong-headed in the manner of the current *Othello*: that is, all gimmick and no brains. *Coriolanus* is wrong because it is, in the most stultifying way, conventional. The convention is that the Roman plays are boring: too much talk, manoeuvring, dull rhetoric and heroics; neither enough humanity nor quotes. Hence the conventional solution is to play them as melodrama, as horse operas with togas and short swords. The Tribunes, for instance, are evil – wealthy *petits bourgeois* who exploit the plebs against the patricians – therefore they must be for ever sneering and cowering; all they needed were moustaches to twist. The Roman generals are noble; therefore they must puff out their chests and talk with pebbles in their mouths. Virgilia is a sensitive among the martial heavyweights; therefore Mary Ure must hang her charming head and appear monotonously stricken (a pity, since Virgilia is one of the most poignant minor characters in Shakespeare). Rome is a dull, brooding place inadequately furnished, as Eliot said of somewhere else, with heavy conversation; hence Boris Aronson's jutting scenery, all dark bronze and red and poor bas reliefs. It looked like the first-class saloon of an old transatlantic liner. It was, moreover, arranged so that all the action was crammed into a few feet at the front of the stage, stifling and airless. Mr Hall's interpretation seemed correspondingly cramped: the crowds moved awkwardly, the pace in the battle was painfully slow. The only properly realised bit parts were Michael Cox, Roy Dotrice and Ian Holm as the three Volscian servants.

The conventions do *Coriolanus* no good. It is the greatest political play we have, one of Shakespeare's foremost masterpieces, and contains some of the best poetry he ever wrote. But intellectually it is very tough. The analysis of political power, influence, freedom and responsibility is maintained at enormous pressure. It's one of the rare plays in which the intellectual debate seems to interest Shakespeare almost more than the humanity of the protagonists. Coriolanus's arrogance is no subtle tragic flaw; it is a monumental compulsion, a political extreme. Immediately he lets himself be swayed by humanity, he is finished both as a soldier and a political force, and must be killed off. The debate needs space, light, intelligence and a sense of dramatic logic to be understood. As Mr Hall interprets it, it is mannered, obvious and proceeds erratically from pose to hammed pose. Olivier apart, only Harry Andrews managed to create rather than parody the character he played. His Menenius, faintly busybody, faintly pleased with his gift of the gab, but pre-eminently sane and responsible, was a brilliantly suggested counterpoise to the hero's lopsided power. Not so Dame Edith Evans's Volumnia. The whole tragedy turns on and returns to her relationship to her son; she has to be spun steel, as demanding and relentless as Coriolanus. But Dame Edith gave us merely Dame Edith in an Empire-building mood. All her mannerisms became a little larger than life. When she was serious she became soulful; when she chided she seemed to find the task slightly comic. She gave the impression of not quite believing in the part and so of having substituted for it the intriguing but rather different spectacle of her own grand manner. Maybe she found the massive scale of Volumnia unsympathetic, for she delivered her great plea for Rome in uniformly subdued, almost flat accents, and only entered the spirit of things when, earlier on, she could turn domestic and cajoling.

Sir Laurence Olivier, however, made up for everything. He is perhaps the only actor capable of playing Coriolanus – with the possible exception of Paul Robeson. This is not simply a matter of sustaining the long, difficult part; the play also demands a certain physical quality, an innate command. Olivier has it. His presence dominates the stage no matter what is happening or who is talking. He has a kind of animal magnetism, controlled by his wonderful interpretative intelligence. His rages, arrogance and scorn in the battlefield and market place, his sheepish obedience to his mother, his tenderness to his wife and to Menenius, seem to create in him strange physical changes. In the final scene, for example, when he returns to the Volscians as a conqueror, he appears compact, dignified, alert. But immediately Aufidius taunts him, his whole frame seems to inflate, he moves violently as though under an unbearable pressure; by the time he is isolated, high on the stage, before he is stabbed, he seems grown gigantic, as though magnified not just by the spotlight but by a force which we have watched burst within him. Given this presence, Olivier is able to dispense altogether with rant. He even injects a certain rueful wit into the election scene, and manages to begin his great speech of reconciliation – 'O mother, mother! what have you done?' – hardly above a whisper. But these are just odd master touches in a masterly interpretation.

Sir John Gielgud's Shakespeare, as illustrated in *The Ages of Man*, is the opposite of this. The problems, of course, of a one-man poetry reading are very different from those of a full-scale acted part. The question of theatrical illusion is hardly here or there; instead, the interest is all in the artist's range and technical skill. The new Queen's Theatre was packed not for Shakespeare but for Gielgud. And Gielgud, like some eminent musician, was there to show what he could do with the famous set pieces. What we got, then, was simply the Gielgud voice: the Gielgud voice being the young lover and the tense lecher, being jealous, noble, fantastic, braggart, cynical, angry, exasperated, nervy, tragic, reconciled. He went through the whole scale of emotions and a whole gallery of parts. It was a magnificent technical *tour de force*. Yet it was, at the same time, curiously unaltering. The Gielgud voice is always the Gielgud voice, no matter whether the man who produces it is supposed to be Hotspur or Leontes, Oberon or Angelo. There is always the same lengthening of the open vowels and nasals, the same faint tremolo on the stressed word, a quiver that is not so much excess of feeling as an unvarying trick of speech. Gielgud remains Gielgud, no matter what. Perhaps this has something to do with his eminently graceful but strangely ineffectual stage presence. His voice is pure and commanding but, like Galli Curci's, it seems almost disembodied. When Gielgud is being light and charming as Benedict, or nervily self-pitying as Richard II, or brooding as Hamlet, the man and the voice go well enough together. But the deeper, the more mature the emotion the less Gielgud himself seems to be with it. To hear, with eyes closed, Lear's dying speech was profound and disturbing; but to watch it was simply distracting. The language seemed undercut by his angular, almost pettish movements. In a sense, Gielgud is at one with the old style of Shakespearean criticism which deferred continually to that indefinable essence, 'verbal magic'. For Olivier, on the other hand, the poetry is something not to be savoured on its own; instead, it is valuable above all as the expression of the most profound human insights of the greatest writer in any language.

A. ALVAREZ

Eisenstein the Great

. . . One night we trooped out in trucks to see how fields of ripe grain look in the moonlight, for night filming that wouldn't take place for two months. And we used the marvellously filmable acres of grain to take some shots for the finale, when the body of the Stepok is brought back to the village. These shots of pioneers saluting from their watch-towers in the fields as the body is carried past were our introduction to emotional film *cadres* as only Eisenstein could make them. My last memory of Armavir was a realisation of the seriousness of our subject. We could not avoid some trampling down of the grain around these watch-towers. As our truck pulled out to move on to the next shot, we would look back to see the real pioneer guards of the harvest emerge and carefully prop up each bent stalk.

This passage is taken from a production diary of Jay Leyda, extracts from which are published in the current *Sight and Sound*. He was working as assistant to Eisenstein in 1935 during the making of *Bezhin Meadow*. Nearly a hundred years before, Turgenev had passed that way to sit over the bonfire of boy horse-herders keeping one another awake with ghost stories; now it was young Pioneers heroically guarding the harvest threatened by their own families. This diary of the film-makers can touch us as deeply as the 'Sportsman's Notebook'. The zeal of those days needed only such a blow-lamp as Eisenstein to make everything vivid. *Bezhin Meadow* comes to life as we read of the choice of one boy actor out of 2,000, of the hooting and whistling of incendiarists that mount to a hurricane, of icy nights spent in the silver-birch woods overlooking the Moscow river. The film itself we shall never see. When it was two-thirds done, Eisenstein contracted small-pox; the winds of doctrine required script changes, he came back to it cold, and production was finally halted.

What must always strike us about Eisenstein, whether we learn about him from others or read what he himself wrote, is this unique lighting-up of the screen in our minds, this pressure on the cinematic nerve that with others comes only with an actual projection of their films. We may enjoy, as a pastime, speculations about the lost hours of Stroheim's *Greed*, or that semi-documentary of Clair's, interrupted by the war, about city children plunged into the country for the first time; but it's no more than speculation, we don't *see*. With Eisenstein the image is there from the start: not necessarily the precise final image, and complicated even at this stage by sound and speech. (The fugue, as he puts it.) He comes, for example, in Pushkin's *Poltava*, on the elopement scene; and since his eye transforms the words, so does ours:

> But no one knew just how or when
> She vanished. A lone fisherman
> In that night heard the clack of horses' hoofs,
> Cossack speech and a woman's whisper. . . .

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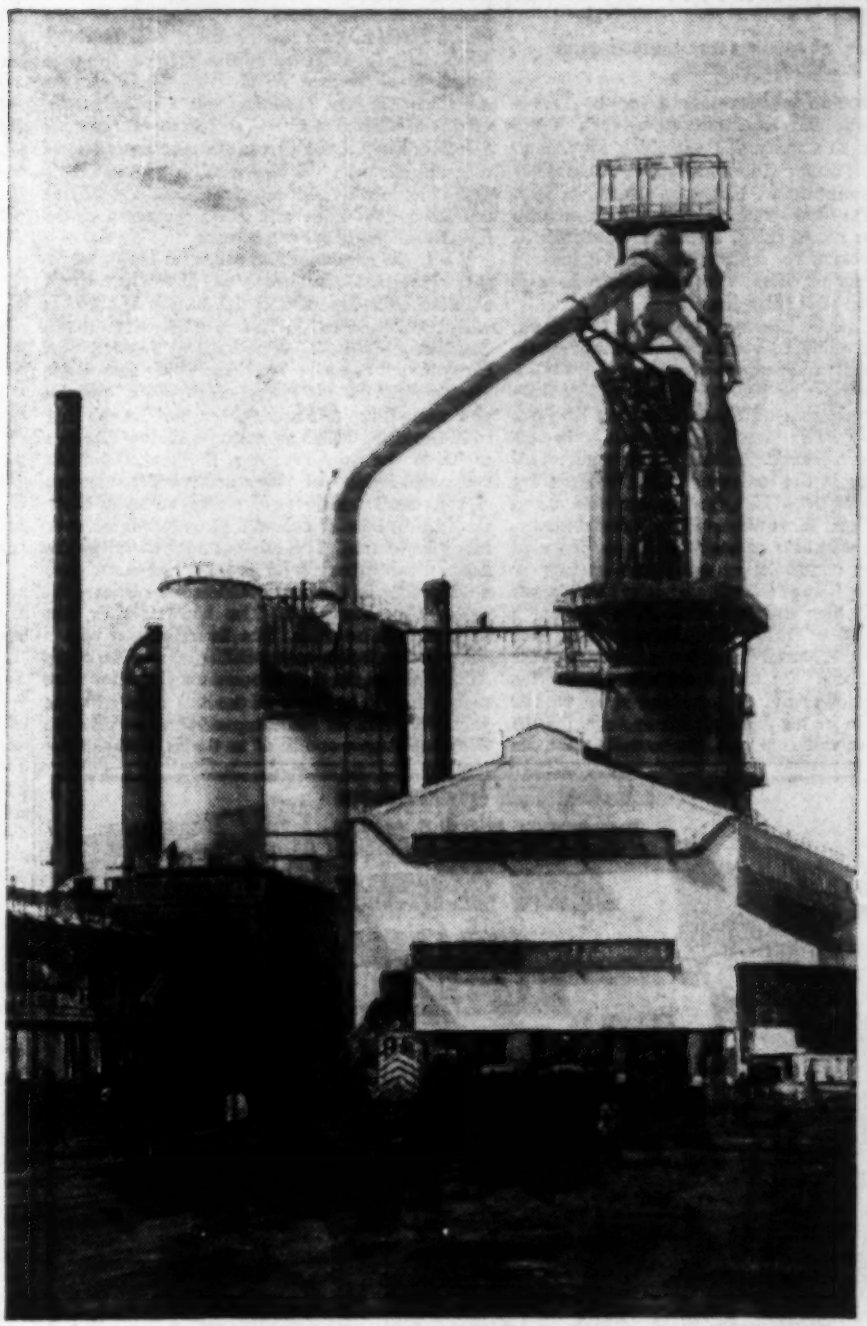

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For a moment he pauses to distinguish for us the three 'notes' of horses' hoofs, Cossack speech, and a woman's whisper; then they quickly re-assemble; his finger comes down on the close-up of the next two lines:

> . . . And eight horseshoes have left their traces
> Over the meadow morning dew.

Already Pushkin is thrown on a screen – Eisenstein's screen that is almost ours – such is the infection of an activity that with him, as with no fellow artist, seems ceaselessly active and immediately communicable. Not only has he, in fact, produced the most striking images the cinema has known, but round them, in evocative articles or precise doctrinaire instruction, the magic of 'sketch-books' proliferates that experience in ways that are even now enlarging.

Notes of a Film Director (Lawrence & Wishart, 18s.), from which I have taken the Pushkin illustration, adds preciously to our stock of radium. He tells us how he became an artist: Komisarjevsky's production of *Turandot* started him off, followed by Lermontov's *Masquerade*. He was exceedingly romantic. He was also a mathematician working in the Institute of Civil Engineering when art pitchforked him, first into the theatre and then into films. What was art? The lie! Destroy it! But first give in to it, master it, penetrate it – then destroy. So contradictory with grim tenacity or unholy glee, he was to fight authority and himself all through life; and his chosen art was also a grappling of opposites – the Realism that sees men as they are, but facing a better future, and the abandonment of the true Romantic. One of the fascinations of this book is to trace in its various forms a hunger for equating life and art, for the realism that will *seem* real, for actuality that can only be grasped now by taking faces from a crowd, now by over-riding the claims of things-as-they-are. Because fundamentally he was an artist and not a Politburo agent, he gave in always to the art he had vowed to destroy. His renunciations were forced on him, only less by those who believed politically as he did than by those opposed to that belief. If Hollywood rejected his plans for *An American Tragedy*, Stalinism put a spoke in the wheels of *Bezhin Meadow* and even of *Ivan the Terrible*. The second part of that strange masterpiece, by the way, will very soon be upon us for its first London run; and this gives added appetite to the fresh knowledge and enlightenments to be found in *Notes of a Film Director*.

'I was truly inspired', he writes (in 1945), 'while making *Potemkin*, and everybody knows that a man who has once experienced the ecstasy of creation will probably never be able to free himself from the domination of art.' How he took a half-page from his voluminous script *The Year 1905*; found *The Twelve Apostles*, sister-ship of *Potemkin*, chained as a mine-dump to a rocky shore, and brought her to life so that, looked at one way, she would seem to be on the open sea; how the maggoty meat came into being – one after another the surprises of creation, in this case of a film we know backwards, take hold of us and lead us into detail ever more fascinating. The sailors under the tarpaulin during the shooting on the quarter-deck were never under in fact and couldn't have been – but under they remained. The harbour mist just happened to be there. The little surgeon with a goatee was a boiler-man holding one of the heavy studio mirrors: at the last moment pince-nez were set on him and he displaced the actor chosen for the part. The tour of the rampant lions outside the Alupka Palace owed itself to the guardian of the place who chased them from lion to lion in an effort to prevent them filming. Even the Odessa steps – most famous sequence in the whole history of the cinema – were the brain-wave of the instant. Just when Eisenstein had reached a certain climax of events and emotions, the steps caught his eye.

Wherever we go in this record of film-making – with Prokofiev, for example, in *Alexander Nevsky* – the charmed opportunity turns up for this clown-pated little man with the intent gaze and the ceaseless orchestration of image and sound going on in his head. These convergences are retailed with an ease, zest, and lucidity only occasionally broken by incoherence or doctrinaire emphasis. 'It is my opinion that at the moment of shooting, the scenery, sets and props, are often wiser than the director. One must be really gifted and greatly skilled to be able to hear and understand what the scenes suggest, to be able to listen as one edits the film to the whispering of the shots which, on the screen, live a life of their own, frequently extending beyond the limits of the imagination that has conceived them.' There, so far as it can be simply appraised, is his secret. To put it even more simply, he commands luck: he *must*, not once but always, pick up the right card. Eisenstein in his later years only maintained the role under terrific strain

He pondered and planned, he waved his pink wand. Lights blazed. Actors moved. The cameraman turned. In all this, he was very much aware of the creative necessity involved in all these particulars, in cameraman, actor, set designer. He was, sympathetically, in the shoes of each – as his frequent digressions into acting, for example, proclaim. One section of his book explores further talents: Chaplin, Prokofiev. These aren't so much profiles as interior journeys: what Chaplin or Prokofiev would be if he – Eisenstein – were, with another wave of that directorial wand, to be them. He was a brilliant draughtsman, as the sketches reproduced in the last thirty pages proclaim. The later ones are mostly swift sketches for films, but the earlier – especially when he characterises himself or Daumier or a group of peons – show that he could excel on paper. Perhaps he does – in these inimical times – approach the all-roundness of a da Vinci, in the art which combines, or should combine, all others.

He even succeeds in raising journalism to unprecedented levels. This is a book of collected articles.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Cheltenham Festival

THE Festival of British contemporary music opened on 5 July with a concert by the Hallé Orchestra under its conductor Sir John Barbirolli. It is hard to understand why Edward German's potpourri-overture to *Nell Gwyn* was chosen to begin the programme; less hard to understand why Gerald Finzi's *The Fall of the Leaf* was chosen to follow it. German's eminently marketable orange-squash is a service to those who arrive late at the theatre. Finzi's Elegy is a more respectable service to those who linger on in a field of English music that should have been closed to composers as soon as Holst and Vaughan Williams had had their say. The third work on the programme, Anthony Milner's Variations for Orchestra, is a far more substantial contribution, both to the development of English music and to the reputation of its composer. Mr Milner is now

in his early thirties, and this is his first major orchestral work. Major it certainly is, compared with the general run of large-scale English works of today. Without any pretentiousness, though not always with complete certainty of its pretensions, the work describes an arch that has continuity and elevation. The contrasts of character between the variations are real, and hold the attention throughout. The composer has a genuine melodic gift, and his remarkable harmonic ear is continually alert, even though the orchestral realisation, for instance in the hocket variation, does not always present his ideas in the most affective way. (This, after a single hearing and with no opportunity of seeing the score, must be a provisional judgement).

What the work lacks is a thorough-going unity of architectural style. As a composer and as a critic Mr Milner has always been concerned, and perhaps over-concerned, with the aesthetic merits of musical grammar at various stages of history and particularly at recent stages. This is an academic pre-occupation, and an important one. But in a creative artist it can lead to a certain self-consciousness, and the archaic expressions which occur in some of Mr Milner's earlier works seem to belong more to the deliberations of analysis than to a fully creative synthesis. The archaic element recurs in the Variations, by reason of the theme itself, which is a fifteenth-century tune. But here, the pressures of highly-worked variation technique bring about some kind of synthesis. The medievalisms do not obtrude. What is more worrying is that the apex of the arch of variations seems to lose sight of its origins and its destination. The musical continuity is real, for the succession of variations brings about a progressive heightening of the dissonance norm and an intensification of the textural pattern. But the stylistic continuity is false, because the musical materials are not inherently capable of so steep an ascent. Thus when one reaches a resolution that is, in a sense, symmetrical with the beginning, the sense of arrival is not complete, for the apex of tension is too remote to be included in that moment of musical hindsight. Yet in the very nature of their ambitiousness the Variations show that they contain the stuff of true music. It is a work of high seriousness, and it deserves to be heard again both here and abroad. If Mr Milner succeeds in solving his stylistic problems whilst satisfying his academic conscience (for academicism is still a danger to him), he may yet produce a work that conveys a unified musical experience. He already has all the technical requirements, and many of the imaginative ones.

DAVID DREW

China Sea Less Salt

The average visitor's problem with the exhibition of Chinese architecture now on view at the RIBA is less that he is no Needham, and therefore unprepared to appreciate the artefacts of an alien culture, than that he is over-prepared, in the sense that he is likely to come away believing that he has seen what he was firmly convinced he was going to see anyway – photographs of fascinating old buildings and boring modern ones.

The trouble is, he is right – sort of. But what sort of right? How do the old ones fascinate, what is dull about the new? This is where the superficial visitor had better stop being superficial and look again, because all is not what was expected. The old buildings often fascinate by throwing up aspects of China that are not part of our standard picture of Imperial culture (cultures, I suppose one should say). Self-appointed Western experts have been assuring us that the new Communes with their large dwelling-blocks are contrary to the deep-rooted traditions of Chinese rural blah blah blah, etc. They will have to talk fast to explain away two or three very large communal dwellings (up to 200 rooms) of some antiquity and very conscious design (two of them circular in plan) that appear in this show.

Conversely, the modern buildings only appear dull in many cases because the catalogue sheds so little light on them. They may well be stupendous achievements for the present state of Chinese technology, but no information is given as to cost, size, speed of erection, techniques and materials or architects' names – as a result only a really walloping achievement like the Yangtse bridge at Wuhan makes any great impact. Also, the modern work fails – in Western eyes – to be particularly Chinese. Much of it is drearily pre-Thaw Russian in style, with Chinese decoration instead of Neo-Classical. Some have even less specific character than that – the two-storey row-houses at Caoyang Xincun could be anywhere in the world, but for one obviously Chinese pierced grille in the gable wall.

Maybe this is just technology homogenising the industrialised, municipalised world, but it is clear that the old proverb about many rivers flowing into the sea of China, is taking a beating at present – few of these streams have become salt. The one, baffling exception in the exhibition is a purely technological structure, a parachute practice tower near Peking, which looks both gay and Chinese.

By the time you have got as far as making judgments like this, you should also be fully conscious that you really are unprepared to appreciate what you are looking at. The questions crowd up on you – why were masonry techniques, as in the Anji bridge, and gardening, as in the magnificent gardens of Suchow, so advanced and sophisticated, while formal architecture remained – constructionally – in a sort of pre-Doric condition, proliferating brackets and rafter-ends till the corners of the eaves look like giant pine-cones, as witness the Foguangsi temple which is two centuries later than the Anji bridge, albeit the oldest temple hall surviving! Why was the Chinese attitude to axial planning so determined, yet so devious? A Chinese axis has all the plan-wise authority of a European Baroque axis, but you are never allowed to see it. Whereas an axis is almost automatically a vista with us, so that you can see the succession of symmetrical spaces and structures that lie along it, a Chinese axis goes up and down steps and through constricting archways, so that no Emperor could ever, like a Grand Monarque, cast his eye over a giant geometry and comprehend all from a single viewpoint. Rather, an emperor would have to be litter-borne from one courtyard or pillared hall of the Imperial City to another, comparing the spaces in his mind and remembering always that the termination of the axis, the Bell-tower, was some miles away beyond Coal Hill.

Temptations to generalise about the differences between East and West become almost irresistible at this point; but resist them, you need more facts. Before you come back for your second visit, do some reading: Alexander Soper's straightforward and comprehensible essay in the *Pelican History of Art* volume on China, Sir Hugh Casson's 'walkabouts' of the Imperial Palace and the Temple of Heaven (*Architectural Review*, Feb. and Dec., 1955) will give you a plain start on the more pressing perplexities.

REYNER BANHAM

JULY
ACES

Mussorgsky/Ravel Pictures at an exhibition[1] *Ravel* La Valse[2]
Ernest Ansermet conducting
[1] **L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande**
[2] **The Paris Conservatoire Orchestra**
ACL 48

A NIGHT IN VIENNA Vol. 2
A selection of favourites from Johann and Josef Strauss
Clemens Krauss conducting
The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra
ACL 49

Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D major
Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting
The London Philharmonic Orchestra
ACL 50

Chabrier Suite pastorale
Bizet Jeux d'enfants—orchestral suite;
La jolie fille de Perth—suite
Edouard Lindenberg conducting
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Noon's-eye View

BRITISH television continues its irresistible, though spasmodic, advance round the clock. The latest 'leap forward' (if that's the phrase) is to allow us programmes of any kind before 2 p.m. on Sunday. This period has hitherto been reserved for some outside broadcasts, church services, and Welsh-language programmes – these being allowed, presumably, on the assumption (an interesting one for an essay in moral theology) that the English cannot be corrupted by what they cannot understand, and also because Welsh sabbatarians will not be viewing, anyway.

In the past it has been the ITA rather than the BBC that has pressed for the extension of television time. The pressure has been based on the now slightly shop-soiled argument from 'freedom', on the citizen's sacred right to view whenever he wants to, even (as in America) at breakfast-time; and no doubt this view is held sincerely by those who advance it. But a general increase in viewing-time carries with it financial advantages for ITV, and corresponding disabilities for the BBC, since the treatment of the permitted six minutes per hour of commercials as an average, and their consequent concentration at peak hours, means that every extra hour of viewing-time may be worth nearly £10,000 to a programme-company; whereas to put out an hour of TV costs the BBC from £2,000 to £4,500.

It was at first sight, therefore, surprising that the BBC should have welcomed this relaxation more heartily than the ITA. The reason for this is simple: the limit of 50 hours a week for regular programmes – all, that is, except schools, religious, Welsh, and outside broadcasts – and the limit of 350 hours a year for outside broadcasts will still stand. Both the BBC and most of the ITV programme-companies are using their full time, up to both limits (except for a current slight seasonal shortfall on ITV). Any experiments in new kinds of Sunday morning television will thus mean cuts elsewhere; and it will not be easy to devise a programme for, say, noon on a fine Sunday, to follow immediately a church service, which will appeal to a mass audience and so to the advertisers. To the BBC, by contrast, the new relaxation merely means the chance of greater flexibility in Sunday programme-planning – though here again it will take some thought to devise just the right sort of programme to suit the gentle, drowsy melancholy of the English Sunday morning mood and to woo viewers from the conventional pattern of the long lie-in with the *News of the World* and the leisurely amble to the local. It is unlikely that either channel will enable us to participate fully, via Eurovision, in the reputed horrors of the continental Sunday; any changes in the existing schedules will probably be made with some caution, and not before the autumn. However, the ITA may use the PMG's move as an occasion for renewing their representations for a real extension of the permitted hours.

TOM DRIBERG

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'Fidelio', at Glyndebourne

The new production of Beethoven's opera is beautifully conceived for so intimate an opera-house. The direction of Gunther Rennert is all the more powerful for the economy of its gestures, whilst Ita Maximowna has designed four sets which, in the most imaginative of realist styles, could not be bettered. The sunlight and shadow which intermingle in the music are realised with the utmost sensitivity on the stage. But apart from Gré Brouwenstijn's superbly evolved Leonore and the real musical charm of Elsie Morison's Marzelline, the musical side of the production seemed to suffer from miscasting. Vittorio Gui's conducting is lively enough, and is greatly aided in the finale by the singing of Peter Gellhorn's chorus, but the performance of the most complex sections of the opera tends to be unidiomatic. Beethoven's characteristic accentuation is sometimes lost so that the tempi sound slow even when metronomically correct. For this the orchestra is partly to blame, and one hopes that in later performances the standard of playing will be improved, for it is hardly equal to what one expects from Glyndebourne. A more serious trouble is that Glyndebourne's Sevillian Prison has no real governor – the Pizarro of Kim Borg is not a figure of sufficient musical stature. Dominated even by Mihaly Szekely's Rocco, the role is deprived of its dramatic and symbolic force. At least Richard Lewis makes a sympathetic, musicianly, Florestan, though rather more is required from this, the greatest short role in all opera. However, one must welcome the addition of this fine production to the Glyndebourne repertoire, and hope that it will acquire new musical strength with the passage of time.

D.D.

Drawings by George Fullard and Paintings by Karl Weschke, at the Woodstock Gallery

Both these artists, who have been praised previously in these columns, search. Fullard's method of drawing is based on the idea of the break-through. His lines follow the form of a head or body and then, without any undue emphasis but quite naturally, they push through in quite unexpected directions; rather like channels in a well organised irrigation scheme suddenly finding unexpected openings and so meandering through apparently chaotically but in fact revealing the underlying composition and shift of the land. A good many of the drawings succeed. (Why not buy your works for Sotheby's now?) A few degenerate into mere pattern tracing. Weschke's landscapes and nudes are painted heavily and bluntly. Like the majority of our best young painters he owes something to Bomberg, or, anyway, is moving in a similar direction (someone will soon give this movement a name and then people will be able to talk about it). Mass is emphasised at the expense of particulars. All the paintings look a little like forms under heavy tarpaulins. Sometimes this reveals their essential volume, and at other times it muffles them. The method is full of difficulties. But just because he has chosen these difficulties I believe that Weschke will eventually come through as a painter.

J.B.

Correspondence

BACKGROUND TO TROUBLE

SIR, – The conclusions of Mr Mallalieu's article are grimly unacceptable. If the local authorities did everything possible the problem would still remain unsolved because of the underlying overcrowding and lack of local industry, which matters are beyond their power.

On the question of housing, the councillors will tell you that they cannot demolish houses as long as they can obtain no land for building new home units, and that new land regrettably is simply not available. But private speculators have no difficulty in finding land on which to erect sprawling estates of cottage type luxury dwellings. For this purpose they and not the local authority acquired the magnificently spacious green area opposite Holland Park, a corner site in Lansdowne Crescent, another in Lansdowne Road, and a fourth in Ladbroke Grove – to mention but a few examples. To this the councillors reply that they need *cheap* land to keep their rents down. But if cheap land is not available, is it not their duty to insist that funds are raised? Must they not then approach the government and plead their cause at every level? And, if they fail must they not, as trustees of their borough's welfare, publicise their failure then and there to co-opt public opinion to their side?

But cheap land exists. In Cornwall Crescent a sizeable corner site is occupied by only four prefabs. Here by rehousing four families blocks could be built to house ten times that number. Up and down the slums are many empty sites, just boarded up, where temporary receiving hostels could be built, enough in size and number to take perhaps one to two hundred families, i.e. one street, for the 18 months it takes to rebuild it, even knowing that once this is achieved only three out of four original families would have new homes to return to.

With regard to the underemployment resulting from the 25 per cent overcrowding of the area; with a little vision the whole concept of the labour exchange could be widened to include full details of schemes in other parts of the British Isles that cannot obtain sufficient labour on the spot and must seek to draw it precisely from such districts. And not only in the British Isles, but details of all emigration projects to the Dominions should be presented here attractively to the men and women calling daily for the too long elusive local job.

One does not deceive oneself. One knows that a hard core of this population, stepchildren of an empire that ever thrived beyond their reach, are afflicted with an inertia incomprehensible to those citizens who have matured in a more fortunate environment, but the actual size of that core can only justly be ascertained once we have offered every man, woman and child of these ghettos walled by a mistrust of regulated society we ourselves have helped build, all the facilities that are their right.

The penalty for failing now lies not only in the brawls and injuries sustained today but in another generation crippled beyond our help, and no world war to blame it on this time.

ELEANOR ETTLINGER

20 Lansdowne Crescent, W11

SIR, – After reading numerous letters and articles on the 'colour problem', most of them giving grossly over-simplified accounts, there was some degree of sombre satisfaction in reading Mr Mallalieu's article.

Concerning the West Indians he overlooked one factor which would probably have *some* adverse effect upon race relations even without the evils of environment (although I cannot pretend to generalise about the exact extent of such effect).

This factor is their different attitude towards marriage and family life; engendered, I am led to believe, by the habits of slave-owners a few generations ago in actually discouraging marriage ties among the Negroes. The result seems to be that casual unions with no legal obligations are accepted as normal, and illegitimacy is commonplace. The difference between

the English father of illegitimate offspring who does not support or help the mother (as distinct from the children), and the West Indian, is that the former is generally considered to be in some sense delinquent, whilst the latter will hold his head high, take pride in his family, and have no embarrassment in answering routine questions about his circumstances. Presumably the West Indian mother's family, or perhaps the father's, accepts some responsibility as normal, but in England we cannot say that this is commonplace. Indeed it is exceptional, and recognised as involving sacrifice for the grandparents.

At a highly respectable one-day school, I once heard a British lecturer (the warden of a hostel for coloured immigrants) describe his surprise on hearing a proud new father referring openly to the child's mother as 'just a friend'. The story provoked no comment among the West Indian section of the audience other than a quiet confirmation.

Is it surprising if British landladies may think twice about admitting West Indians? Can the most 'progressive' of your contributors deny that the status of women is degraded? (I refer of course to ordinary working women, who even in the twentieth century cannot support themselves unaided during a short period, at least, before and after the birth of a child – to set the moral tone no higher!)

Without having great experience of such matters, it has been my lot to try to advise an unstable teen-age girl about associating with Jamaicans. 'The policewoman said they are all bad, but I don't agree with that.' What can one do except to explain frankly about the culture bar (not colour bar), in language suited to a secondary modern school-leaver? At least she should be aware of it.

The irresponsible argument is sometimes advanced that such girls 'would get into trouble anyway'. Surely there are many girls, not bad but insufficiently guided or parentless, who will be influenced finally by what their 'ordinary decent young man' considers to be normal?

C. M. LAKE

17 Fancourt Avenue
Penn, Wolverhampton

SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE BOMB

SIR, – Surely the most useful test of 'whether the Labour Party's new policy is in fact a step forwards or backwards' is to consider where we should be if it succeeded. As stated in the document 'the objective which the government should set itself is an agreement . . . signed by every nation with the exception of the USA and the USSR. Under this agreement, each nation would pledge itself not to test, manufacture or possess nuclear weapons.'

It will be seen that there is nothing about the use of these weapons, should an agreement be reached, from the territory of the signatories by the nations that are not signatories: in an earlier passage it is expressly stated that 'if the abandonment of the manufacture of nuclear weapons were accompanied . . . by a ban on all foreign nuclear bases in Britain, this would be tantamount to a British withdrawal from Nato. Nothing could be more dangerous . . . at least European independence would be precariously maintained under German leadership . . . at most, the Western Community would collapse.'

So that, if the plan succeeded, we would all (except America and Russia) destroy such bombs as we have and never test, manufacture or possess them again. But the USA (and presumably the USSR) would still have her bases. On those bases nuclear arms would still be stored. From those bases they could still be used. And this would, or could, be true of any country in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation or, for that matter, in the Warsaw Pact. Nothing would have changed from the present situation, except the disappearance of our own few bombs.

That would not greatly reduce the nuclear weapon store on British soil and – if earlier official reasoning were accepted – would simply reduce such control of them as we at present possess. At the least, our situation at the end of the enterprise would be exactly what it was at the start. Nuclear weapons have no passports and, if they were used from British territory, who would draw nice distinctions based on their ownership or place of manufacture?

If the USSR and the USA were parties to the agreement, that would be a wholly different matter. But it is difficult to see what practical change is to be made by the present plan, if the world is still to be divided into two hostile blocs, the major partner in each of which is entitled to retain the weapons which the others renounce and to store them and use them from the territory of their allies and satellites.

SYDNEY SILVERMAN

House of Commons

SIR, – In an article bearing the above title in your issue of 4 July the following statement is made: 'About 70 per cent of Britain's trained scientific manpower is now absorbed in making nuclear weapons'.

According to the fourth annual report of the UKAEA the *total* staff employed by the Authority stood at 30,341 on 31 March 1958. Presumably the figure has increased somewhat since then, but on the other hand not all the Authority's staff is 'absorbed in making nuclear weapons' – in fact the figure could hardly now exceed 30,000 in view of the known other commitments of the AEA. Your article implies that less than 15,000 trained scientists are available for the collective needs of the scientific civil service (including non-nuclear defence work), industry and the teaching profession (including universities).

J. W. GARDINER

35 Narborough Road South
Leicester

[The phrase should have read: 'About 70 per cent of Britian's trained nuclear physicists are now absorbed in making nuclear weapons'.—Ed. *NS*]

FRANCE AND THE BOMB

SIR, – Your Paris correspondent writes in your issue of 4 July, that the French General Staff would 'welcome any US decision to give France the bomb, and might even threaten to use it to bring the FLN to heel'.

I have no idea who the informants of your correspondent on this subject might be; but I am sure you

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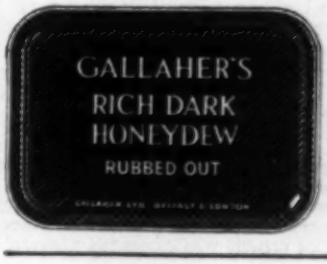

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would not like such an inaccurate statement to stand uncorrected.

As had been explained time and again both by political and military leaders in France, the war in Algeria cannot be compared to any other, in as much as the French forces have no military objectives in the usual meaning of these words; their aim is to protect, not to destroy; they have no land to conquer, no strongholds to storm; any military action only involves small numbers of men; there is, therefore, no conceivable occasion when the bomb could be used against the FLN; saying or writing that it might be used as a threat just does not make sense.

GERARD ANDRE

French Embassy
London

SOCIAL WORKERS AND NUCLEAR WEAPONS

SIR, – We are pleased by the letter of M. Manoukian, J. Flatt and R. Heaton, fellow social workers, which appeared in your issue of 27 June. Allow us the hospitality of your correspondence column to endorse their beliefs fully. Basic human rights and the unique value of each individual is undoubtedly being violated by contamination without representation without even the ultimate threat!

We also agree wholeheartedly that we must take a stand on nuclear testing and weapons and voice a strong public protest *both* as private citizens and as a professional group.

In Montreal many social workers have recently aligned themselves with other professional groups, who include geneticists, physicists, lawyers, doctors, teachers; social scientists, clerics, and joined many other increasingly concerned people from all walks of life in order to decide what action to take in the face of this great danger. The Canadian Committee for the Control of Radiation Hazards was formed and it, and its activities, are expanding rapidly. Other groups are now springing up across the country.

We see no reason why additionally we could not make a separate protest as a profession, and would therefore welcome any suggestion likely to lead to such action; we would especially like to hear from your recent correspondents.

C. G. GIFFORD
LILA RUSSELL
LOIS NAYLOR
ELIZABETH TAYLOR-ROSSINGER

Canadian Committee for Control of Radiation Hazards
Post Office Box 99
Prince Albert Sherbrooke Street W
Montreal

NEWSPAPERS AND OPINION

SIR, – Francis Williams keeps saying that mass-circulation newspapers cannot change public opinion, though at the same time he claims that they inform the public. Can he have this both ways? Opinions are formed as result of information, and the information can be angled so as to create the opinion.

He mentions Suez. Where can anyone get their information on such a subject except from the newspapers or similar reporting agencies? As Mr Williams says: 'It is also doubtful whether they [the newspapers] can create a public opinion on political matters in which their readers have formed no opinion of their own, though they may sometimes be able to do so if they unearth facts that disturb their readers emotionally or shock them into an awareness of something they did not previously know!'

News is, by definition, something you did not previously know. Isn't it the rule, not the exception, that readers should form their opinions on facts supplied by the newspapers? What does Mr Williams do in his own newspaper? Surely he gives us the facts and argues from them so as to create public opinion.

The process is demonstrable. I hear public opinions, and whenever they are on politics I find that the popular idioms of speech are changed to journalese. On the day after the *Daily Mail* said, 'the Socialists . . . are a parrot-house of a party' I was told by one of our readers, 'the Labour Party is like a parrot house. . . .' I can even tell whether the speaker reads the *Mail* or the *Telegraph* from the form of words he uses for the same ideas.

I wish Mr Williams were right about the popular press, but I am afraid he is wrong here. I agree that it is mainly entertainment, but propaganda can come in entertainment, and nowadays it often does. If he takes Northcliffe as an example we can see that it was this formula of propaganda by entertainment that made him so successful. What I think Mr Williams overlooks, however, is the small sale of the popular press in Northcliffe's day. The difference today is that it has reached saturation point.

ERIC KINTON

South London Press
Elephant & Castle, SE1

SOUTH AFRICAN BEER HALLS

SIR, – The objection of the African women to the beer halls goes much deeper than any objection to the 'authorities trying to eliminate home-brewed beer'. Ever since the first beer hall was erected by the Durban municipality – somewhere about 1913, I think – the anger of respectable and responsible African men and women has increased.

The example has been followed by other municipalities who find it a profitable method of producing a substantial income whereby to save municipal rates in financing social services for their African workers.

The objections which have been raised by these African women are:

1. The wages of the men are spent in these beer halls instead of helping their impoverished homes.

2. Although the authorities declare that the content of alcohol is low, many men get drunk: they also get a taste for this concoction (which is not the pure Kafir beer of rural home-brewing) and it encourages them to go to the illicit brewers who congregate wherever there are beer halls and brew a stronger, and, often, very obnoxious concoction.

3. No respectable woman could ever go to a beer hall but disreputable women hover around. . . !

4. Many mothers are dismayed that their young sons do (although against regulations) get served, (possibly under pretence of having been sent by a parent to fetch it) and, beside getting the taste for drink, some very sad consequences have followed.

5. Wherever there are beer halls in these urban areas, there are also these women, 'Skokian Queens' as they are called, making a living by illicit brewing. The police raid these premises, pour away gallons of the beer and the magistrate inflicts a fine which the women pay and return to begin again to brew. The areas could be cleared of them if they were, instead, deported and they could not make a living in the rural areas where home-made brewing is the custom. Bloemfontein municipality allows home-brewing under regulations in its Native Township and drunkenness and crime are at a lower level.

These women have tried to put their case to the authorities, but have been ignored – the profits are too useful.

E. M. BINYON

Bristol

LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR, – When people wonder why it is that there is little or no interest in politics in provincial universities they seldom mention one of the primary factors involved. This is the great difficulty which we find in attracting top-line speakers. They seem much more concerned to attract Oxbridge invitations and refuse any offers from the red-brick and white-tile clubs. The result is that we must put up with lesser-known speakers who do not draw in the students.

If the Labour Party is interested in maintaining its influence among those who come from working-class backgrounds, its leaders must be prepared to put themselves out to the extent of occasionally visiting the provincial universities. It might further consider spending some of the £750,000 intended for propaganda on the appointment of a University Secretary so that the totally inadequate organisation of the party in the student world can be improved. The secretary should work closely with NALSO, and before any move is made perhaps a conference of university Labour clubs could be convened to discuss the question of organisation.

JAMES DALY

Nottingham University Socialist Society

THE PAINTINGS AT TUN HUANG

SIR, – I am delighted to have the confirmation of so distinguished a savant as Dr Joseph Needham for my belief that there is no present threat to the Buddhist Cave Paintings at Tun Huang, even though he considers I made the point too 'guardedly'. The Chinese are antiquarians by nature and their care today for archaeology, splendid beyond praise, is surely well known. Unfortunately, the even wider currency given to a recent statement by the Dalai Lama may have spread misgivings about the safety of religious works of art elsewhere in Chinese territory. When the contest between church and state flares up into hot war, the arts are liable to be casualties. Even decadent capitalist states are not averse to sacrificing monasteries to Higher Things: we all recall Monte Cassino. It is nice to know that the venerable Yi Lama at Tun Huang, like the Panchen Lama of Tibet, still enjoys protection. The Dalai Lama does not seem to have enjoyed the protection the Chinese formerly extended to *him*. The conflict between religion and Marxist materialism is fundamental. The party line and (what is not always the same thing) the line of national expediency, must continue to undergo adjustments. It is, alas, not impossible that the Thousand Buddhas may one day fade away like the Hundred Flowers, and Fêng Hsueh-Fêng, and Ting Ling. Hence my guarded qualification 'so far . . .'

HUGH GORDON PORTEUS

60 Grosvenor Street
Cheltenham

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Puck, Mab and the Billy Blin

THIS book* started, it seems, as a University thesis on native beliefs found in Tudor and Jacobean literature, but grew too big for its set subject, and now includes devils, angels, monsters, ghosts, incubi, centaurs, satyrs, and unicorns; also fairy characters, not mentioned by the poets of that period, culled from all over the British Isles.

Miss Briggs calls Puck 'the Celtic Pouk who is in many ways like the Dunnie or Brag' – characters about whom she supplies no further information – and links him with the beneficent if mischievous house-brownies and lubberfiends. But, by her leave, neither *pouk* nor *puca* is a Celtic word. The *pucas* of Ireland are medieval Danish immigrants (Old Norse: *púki*). Far from being house-trained, they took up residence in the wildest and most horrible spots discoverable where, to this day, they make a speciality of pushing travellers off the road into roaring torrents. Entering Wales at some later period, probably under the protection of Irish bards, the *pucas* learned to spell their name *pwca*, but did not change their nature. Although Miss Briggs holds that *pixy*, *puca*, *puck*, *bug* and *bogie* are all formed from the same root, my etymological dictionaries suggest that *bogie* and *bug* come from a Welsh verb meaning 'to frighten'; that *pixie* (*pyske* in Swedish) is a dwarfish fairy, mischievous rather than frightening, and possibly responsible for the American adjectives *pesky* and *pixilated*; and that the Saxon *Puck* (of Pook's Hill) derives from the Friesian *pogge*, meaning a toad. *Pouke*, in Middle English, was a unique toad-like spirit whom countryfolk identified with the Christian Devil – calling the puff-ball *puck-fist* ('toad's flatus') after him.

Faery, like 'Jewry' where Jews live, 'Stewartry' where Stewarts live, or 'heronry' where herons live, meant at first a place, not a being. Its inhabitants were *faes* or *fays*. Malory's and Berners's Morgan le Fay, one of the Three Fates, was *le* because the Latin *fatum* is a neuter noun. Miss Briggs modernizes her as 'Morgan la Fée'. Morgan, being really The Morrigan, Ireland's goddess of Death in Battle, fetched the moribund King Arthur away to the sepulchral island of Avalon, or Faery. Genuine fays, tall terrifying presences, one clad in red, one in white, one in black, are still (to my own knowledge) dreaded by the Bretons around Rennes. And Macbeth's Three Witches, whom Shakespeare borrowed from *Holinshed's Chronicles* were also, Miss Briggs points out, originally fays: 'weird sisters, this is as you would say the Goddesses of Destiny,' Holinshed writes. But though Spenser's *Faerie Queene* possessed true grandeur and stood for Queen Elizabeth, who held Spenser's fate in her hands, 'Faery' had already become a collective noun, which comprised all subsidiary Otherworlders, some of them silly and harmless. Since Shakespeare and his fellow-dramatists worked under a strict religious censorship and feared to be accused of trafficking with demons, false gods or unclean spirits, the fairies they exploited were all silly and harmless – either fanciful little atomies, like the Scandinavian Light Elves who look after flowers, or comic lubberfiends who sweep the house at night, skim cream from the dairy bowl and pinch idle servant girls as they snore a-bed.

Queen Mab with her hazelnut coach drawn by ants, and Titania's fairies lurking in cowslip bells or among the fruit blossom, set a new fashion. Drayton followed it in his *Nimphidia*. Tita, the bride of a dainty little wedding, wears jewels made of dew-drops, a crown of rose stamens, shoes of ladybird's wings, and:

> *Of leaves of Roses white and red,*
> *Shall be the Covering of her bed:*
> *The Curtaines, Valence, Tester, all,*
> *Shall be the flower Imperiall,*
> *And for the Fringe, it all along*
> *With azure Harebels shall be hung:*
> *Of Lillies shall the Pillowes be,*
> *With downe stuft of the Butterflee.*

The same whimsically minimal treatment was applied to other departments of fairy life. Herrick, a country clergyman, even described their ecclesiastical habits:

> *Theirs is a mixed religion:*
> *And some have heard the elves it call*
> *Part pagan, part papistical.*
> *If unto me all tongues were granted,*
> *I could not speak the saints here painted . . .*
> *Saint Will o' th' Whisp, of no great bigness,*
> *But* alias *called here* Fatuus ignis;
> *Saint Frip, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, Saint Fillie.*
> *Neither those other saintships will I*
> *Here go about for to recite*
> *Their number, almost infinite,*
> *Which one by one here set down are*
> *In this most curious calendar.*
> *First, at the entrance of the gate*
> *A little puppet-priest doth wait,*
> *Who squeaks to all the comers there:*
> *'Favour your tongues who enter here. . . .'*

Mythologically, this new fairy world made no sense, the characters being drawn at haphazard from various literatures; but since they were all reduced to tin-soldier, or at least doll's house size, nobody cared. Oberon was a naturalized German, the Dwarf King Alberich who had gone courtly French in *Huon of Bordeaux*. Shakespeare borrowed Titania from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Mab began as an Anglo-Saxon house-brownie. Her name means a 'mop' or 'broom', the brownies' badge of office and, according to Milton, she stole junkets; but somehow Mab won royal dignity by confusion with Mebh, an Irish Queen of the rath-dwelling Sidhe (or 'Good Folk'). One advantage of the fairies' minuscular size was that any obscenity with which they were credited could be condoned as also being minuscular. Thus, in *The Mayde's Metamorphosis*, a play in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* tradition:

> *Enter FAIRIES dauncing:*
> *By the moone we sport and play,*
> *With the night begins our day;*
> *As we daunce, the deaw doth fall;*
> *Trip it little urchins all,*
> *Lightly as the little Bee,*
> *Two by two and three by three:*
> *And about go wee, and about go wee.*
>
> IO: *What Mawmets are these?*
> FRIS: *O they be the Fayries that haunt these woods.*
> MOP: *O we shall be pincht most cruelly.*
> 1 FAY: *Will you have any musicke, sir?*
> 2 FAY: *Will you have any fine musicke?*
> 3 FAY: *Most daintie musicke?*
> IO: *Where be your Fiddles?*
> 3 FAY: *You shall have most dainty instruments, sir.*
> IO: *I pray you, prettie little fellow, what's your name?*
> 3 FAY: *My name is little, little* Pricke.
> IO: *Little, little Pricke? O you are a daungerous Fayrie, and fright all little wenches in the country out of their beds. . . .*
> 3 FAY: *When I feele a girle sleepe*
> *Vnderneath her frock I peepe.*
> *There to sport, and there I play,*
> *Then I byte her like a flea;*
> *And about I skip.*

I think Miss Briggs errs in treating the Billy Blin (from the ballad of *Young Beichan and Susy Pye*) as a personal fairy name like 'Tam o' Lin' or 'Robin Goodfellow'. The Saracen maiden who had rescued Young Beichan, *alias* Lord Bateman, from her father's dungeon, followed him back to Scotland and, with the help of the Billy Blin, arrived just in time to prevent him from marrying a local heiress. But *The* Billy Blin is not plain 'Billy Blin'. Billy means 'boy', and Blin means 'blind', and The Blind Boy is surely the classical Cupid – as in *Loving Mad Tom*:

> *I've slept not since the Conquest,*
> *Ere then I never wakéd,*
> *Till the roguish fay of love where I lay*
> *Me found and stripped me naked.*

Miss Briggs is puzzled by the unicorn in Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*:

> *'O poore knight, O poore Sir* Geffrey; *sing like an Unicorne before thou dost dip thy horne in the water of death; o cold, o sing, a colde, o poore Sir* Geffrey, *sing, sing.'*

She comments: 'Unless this has reference to some story now lost it is a strange confusion, although a poetical one. It seems here that the unicorn dipped his purifying horn into the cold and poisonous river of death, and found the poison too lethal and the stream too cold for him. Or there may be an allusion to some homelier legend in which the unicorn thrust his horn into a freezing river and found himself held fast by the ice; though this seems unlikely since he came from Ethiopia. Perhaps only Marston could tell us what he meant by it; and even he may never have known.' No. Marston, a good Latinist, must have read Aelian's *On the Nature of Animals*. According to Aelian and Philo of Heraclea, the horn of a Scythian ass-unicorn was proof against the dreadful poison of Styx water – not the Infernal Styx, but the Supernal Styx of Nonacris in Arcadia (formed by melting snow and extremely cold) a draught of which is said to have killed Alexander the Great.

* * *

While checking Miss Briggs's account of Merrows, Kelpies and other supernatural water-monsters, I have just made a surprising discovery. Though an Italian journalist now boasts that he and his friends thought up the Loch Ness Monster in 1931, it was already active by the eighth century: St Adamnan, the biographer of St Columba, particularly, mentions this *piast* (*Lib. ii, cap.* 27). Scottish papers please copy!

ROBERT GRAVES

**The Anatomy of Puck: An Examination of Fairy Beliefs among Shakespeare's Contemporaries and Successors.* By K. M. BRIGGS. *Routledge.* 30s.

New additions to the Loeb Classical Library (Heinemann) include the fourteenth volume of Livy, translated by A. C. Schlesinger – *Summaries, Fragments* and *General Index* – which completes the translation of this author in the Library; the seventh volume of Plutarch's *Moralia*, translated by Phillip H. de Lacy and Benedict Einarson; and the second volume of Aelian's *De Natura Animalium* (referred to by Mr Graves in his article above), translated – for the first time in English – by A. F. Scholfield. All are published at 15s.

Poem

Not lack of children only
Tethered these two apart
Where neither heard the knocking
Of the other's heart.

A keener lack compelled them
Not to cut the rope
They tautly stretched between them
Without love, without hope.

Not lack of children only –
What could not be denied
To these two lonely lovers
Was the unsatisfied

Longing to be neither
Together nor apart,
Not to hear the knocking
Of either heart.

T. H. JONES

The Human Child

Why do you crucify my joys
And bind with briars their every hue?
Then tie me down without a thought –
As if you feared what thought might do.
And banish me, your human child,
To wildering waste and færy wild.
Why? Unless – in færyland –
You hope I'll never understand,
Never grow to understand
Your tortured weeping world of woe?
You foolish ones! You twist the thorn
As deeply in your flesh as mine.

Take mine – or take a demon's hand,
Who'll spread the oceans on the land
And break the sun in two!
Take his – but when the moon's beneath the sod,
The wind within the willows burned,
And night is cindered through –
Then though you weep his work to see,
And though you bid him stay his hand,
Swear you and all are unbeguiled
And every child a welcome child –
Yet shall he heal the waste and wild,
Roll back the oceans from the land?

EWART MILNE

Round

The body of a child lay in the pool.
'Give me a child' the man said in the meadow.
The lightning flickered in the cloudy night.
These things were ordinary and not uncommon.

The sun had seen the child fall in the pool.
'My child must have a father' said the woman.
The old man saw the thief between the stars.
All this was ordinary and not uncommon.

So short a second takes what years had made.
So many tall men from a moment's dying.
Blue lightning shows what seventy years have missed.
These things are ordinary and not uncommon.

Hot Saturday afternoon and sultry evening
A woman saw her live child lying dead
Another lay dreading her child alive
Every old man's fears came true for one,
And these things ordinary and not uncommon.

JENNY JOSEPH

The Recognition

At once I recognised him, for I saw
Blood clotted in his palms, and on his shirt
Above the ribs. His foot arched like a claw
When it approached the ground; and in the dirt
A spoor of blood stigmatised Camberwell.
I traced the agony through Peckham Rye,
Past parish church and Town Hall. I could tell
That by the School of Art he paused, but why
I could not understand. He may have hoped
To find a healing symbol there. He failed.
The trail of blood betrayed him as he groped
Onward from London as the darkness paled
Slowly before him, showing as he went
His throne and resurrection over Kent.

RICHARD CHURCH

Meeting Myself

A scent of beeswax, dust; the empty rooms
Echo my footfalls; I am on the stair,
Have brushed my arm against the vase of roses,
When suddenly I see him standing there
Amid the petals shaken from the blooms,
Wearing my clothes. I see the look he chooses.

'You're trespassing,' it says. 'Who let you in?
You should have got no nearer than the gate –
How did you come so softly up the gravel?'
My outstretched fingers stub against the plate
Of the long glass, our touch barred by the thin
Clearness between: our nod is barely civil.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

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Black Record

The Black and Tans. By RICHARD BENNETT. *Hulton.* 21s.

All empires have something to be ashamed of in their record. The most shameful episode in the history of the British Empire is that of the Black and Tans. They were the first of the 'shirts' – models for Mussolini's blackshirts, prototypes of the SS. Their bloody achievement was not striking by more modern standards – only some 700 Irish killed in eighteen months. But they did pretty well in looting and destruction of property, as the fires of Cork witness. Above all, they destroyed the moral prestige of the imperial authority. No-one studying their record can doubt that the only thing left for the British to do in Ireland was to come away.

The story of the Black and Tans would be well worth telling, no longer in passion, but as a contribution to political understanding. It would start with the Irish situation at the end of the First World War. It would show how the British government resolved on the maintenance of order; explain the existing system of administration; and then trace the decision to recruit reinforcements for the Royal Irish Constabulary. We should need to know how the recruits were raised; what sort of men they were; and who commanded them. Mr Reitlinger has done all this, and more, for the SS. The same method of sociological study is wanted here.

Mr Bennett has not attempted it. Perhaps the evidence is not available. There is nothing about the background of the Black and Tans except the generalisation, current at the time, that they were ex-servicemen, mostly ex-officers, out of a job. But which ex-servicemen, which ex-officers? After all, they represented only a tiny fraction of the grand total. Most of their fellows would have repudiated such tasks with horror. At any rate, we know who the leaders were. But again there is no serious discussion except for a few denigratory sentences about General Crozier. In fact the book has the wrong title. It should be called 'Episodes from the Irish Civil War'. The more famous events are run over again in an effective journalistic way. There is as much about Collins and the Irish Volunteers as there is about the Black and Tans. In fact one purpose of the book is apparently to establish that the two sides were much of a muchness – two sets of gunmen, both pathological, terrorising a resentful population. This is the modern method of dealing with the great movements for freedom. The Germans did it with the Resistance all over Europe; the Russians did it with Hungary; the British do it with Kenya or Cyprus. You no longer say that fighters for national freedom are wicked; you merely suggest, in a languid civilised way, that they are mentally unbalanced. How could any sane man actually shoot a British policeman, or even a Black and Tan?

The book debunks the Irish volunteers in other ways. It suggests, quite rightly, that their numbers have been exaggerated. Far from being 200,000 as the British thought, they were lucky to reach 15,000. It is also true that the Black and Tans were not beaten by the IRA; they were beaten by the British people who finally revolted – though with characteristic delay – against the atrocities being committed in their name. Here too is a subject well worth writing about, but Mr Bennett makes little of it. There is no serious account of the movement in England; no analysis of the organised agitation; no mention of the journalists who visited Ireland,

from Hugh Martin to A. P. Wadsworth. As a final stroke of disillusionment, it is asserted that the freedom gained was not worth winning; 'the country relapsed gradually into the lethargy and hopelessness for which the men from over the sea had always been blamed'. Irishmen are entitled to say this, though it is not true. Englishmen had better keep quiet about the mess they left behind them. Someone must write a book one day about the Black and Tans. It is a good subject.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

The Claims of Philosophy

Thought and Action. By STUART HAMPSHIRE. *Chatto & Windus. 25s.*

The most interesting question about this book is why it so nearly approaches the first rank and yet fails to achieve it. Mr Hampshire has written a book of depth and lucidity. Much contemporary philosophical writing exasperates the onlooker by reason of the very qualities which lend it distinction in the eyes of the professional reader. Some concept or group of concepts is selected for attention, and then the chosen subject-matter is worked over in intricate and painstaking detail. But as the detail is amassed the sense of proportion and the sense of direction are too often sacrificed. 'What is it all for?' the spectator wants to know. Mr Hampshire's approach is at the opposite pole. He takes a number of philosophical discussions which have been carried on in comparative isolation from each other and relates them so that they suddenly become part of a common picture. He shows us the landscape in which many contemporary philosophers live, a landscape of which they themselves may only be partially aware. He fills in the background against which the point of the various detailed enquiries stands out clearly.

Moreover, the landscape which he portrays is an exciting one. He begins by contrasting those features which any language must possess if it is to fulfil the elementary functions of enabling us to make true and false statements with those features which belong not to language as such, but to this or that particular language expressing the conventions of this or that particular society. His discussion of language makes it clear that we cannot conceive of any pre-social, as it were natural, language, operating outside a given social context and outside a socially accepted set of common purposes. Moreover, it was a mistake to suppose, as classical empiricism supposed, that our grasping of the world rested upon the passive reception of sense-impressions. We cannot understand our basic concepts unless we understand the essentially active role of the human observer.

The professional philosopher will at once want to place this argument by linking it up with the great names of recent philosophy. And certainly there are plenty of reminders of Wittgenstein and Ryle. But Hampshire has succeeded in detaching his central theses from the idiom of any one school. One might equally in reading him be reminded of passages in *The German Ideology* and the *Thesis on Feuerbach*. It is a virtue of his whole way of writing that it suggests from time to time hitherto unnoticed connections. Similarly he makes a point common to philosophers of apparently very different standpoints when he argues that I can only understand my own thinking and existence by contrast with that of other people. Solipsism is impossible.

My assurance of my own position in the world, and my knowledge of other things, develops in this communication and could not possibly develop

METHUEN

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Editor: ROLAND YOUNG

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ATLANTIC BOOKS

STEVENS & SONS

except in this social context. To learn to speak and understand a language, as a child, is to enter into a set of social relationships in which my own intentions are continually understood and fulfilled by others and in which I encounter their corresponding intentions. I learn to describe and to think about things, and to think about my own actions, only because of this interchange and through the social conventions that constitute the use of a language.

I have quoted this passage not just for its content but also because it is a good specimen of Mr Hampshire's essentially impersonal, almost dull style. After the aphoristic oracles which have come out of Cambridge in this century and the equally rhetorical down-to-earth flavour from Oxford, Mr Hampshire's genuinely plain speaking has its own kind of impressiveness. But I hope that it does not distract attention from the novelty of the argument which he develops. What is novel is the centrality which Mr Hampshire gives to the concept of intention.

This is not to say that contemporary philosophers have not devoted themselves to this topic. Miss G. E. M. Anscombe's little book entitled *Intention* is surely one of the few really important philosophical books of the past decade. Here as elsewhere the novelty in Mr Hampshire's approach does not lie so much in any of his particular conclusions, interesting as these often are, as in the way he brings together conclusions reached by others in new patterns which break down accepted lines of demarcation. He uses his analysis of the concept of intention, for example, to throw light on problems of definition and classification, on the problems of the freedom of the will, the problem of how we should speak of human excellence, and not only on these. The fascination lies in the way the conventional specialisation of the mind is defeated by this approach. Is this epistemology or ethics or psychology? We become aware of how arbitrary and dangerous the necessary habit of pigeonholing can sometimes become.

How is it that a book which is such a splendid specimen of philosophical clarity can nonetheless leave us with a slight feeling of disappointment? There is first the level of abstraction at which the argument moves. This is partly of course a result of the fact that this is philosophy and not something else – but only partly. It also springs from a use of the word 'social' which never condescends to the facts about particular forms of society. Consequently the relation between our concepts and our social institutions is left hanging in the air. Here I am not merely complaining that Mr Hampshire has omitted to write another book. He himself stresses the necessary incompleteness of philosophy in any given moment. In dismissing the notion of any final end to philosophical argument he explicitly attacks Hegel. Yet Hegel and Marx have a systematic view of the nature of the incompleteness of philosophy which allows them to see the mistakes and inadequacies in the treatment of philosophical problems as stages towards their solution or restatement. Like Hampshire they link our use of concepts to our social framework. And Hampshire, who finally rejects Hegel but often writes in a Hegelian vein, has to approach that crux for all Hegelians, the question of how the finality of truth to which rational thinking aspires is to be combined with the conditioned, relative, incomplete character of all human thinking. Since Hampshire rejects the Hegelian solution explicitly and the Marxist implicitly, it is a pity that his own remarks on this point are so fragmentary. One is left with a feeling of having been brought to the edge of a solution and then abandoned.

This is true of his discussion in general. Acute remarks on art, religion and morality abound, but are never followed up. One can see why. A book that opens up the connectedness of human concepts as this one does must necessarily range widely and in so doing will inevitably provoke just this sort of dissatisfaction. But I think it is a sign of gratitude, not of ingratitude, to hope that Mr Hampshire will in time add much to what is a memorable vindication of the claims of philosophy to be a discipline at once humane and precise.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

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An Egotist of the Half World

The Child of Montmartre. By PAUL LEAUTAUD. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

Léautaud is, in some respects, the Toulouse-Lautrec of French literature and the three fragments of autobiography in this volume are a sweetish liqueur extracted from squalid experience. An essayist who was for many years the distinguished dramatic critic of the *Mercure de France*, he was the son of a prompter at the Comédie Française by a minor actress who soon abandoned her child. He was brought up by an old 'aunt', was competed for by his father's innumerable mistresses, and spent his childhood being petted by the tarts of the street in Montmartre where he and his wanton father lived. He skipped school in order to sit in bars with them in the afternoons before they went to 'work'. He was in and out of their boudoirs and bedrooms, gazing at their toilet, listening to their chatter about hats, clothes, rent and men and to their jealousies. Spoiled, gentle, lonely, shy and already an intense little egotist, he grew up in a state of innocence which seems to have lasted longer than it does among the respectable; and when innocence went, he was the 'little friend' who wrote the girls' letters for them and who lived, for all his life, under the spell of their sociability. His parents showed him almost no love and the faculty was in consequence feeble in himself; sex without love – since he belonged to the world where it was always bought – seemed to him gayer, kinder, more various, less exacting and ominous than in respectable life simply because it was perfunctory. It also gave him more time for writing and the stimulus for it, and it agreed well with a cool and inspecting temperament which was a good deal infantile, and the result of injury. Pity is almost Léautaud's only emotion; it is touched with dislike and cruelty and he never lets this or any other feeling get the better of his pessimism or self-love.

Mr Somerset Maugham, a connoisseur of amoralists, has described Léautaud as 'an egoist, but devoid of vanity, a teacher without passion, cynical and conscientious, desperately poor but indifferent to money, harsh in his dealings with his fellows, but to animals compassionate, savagely independent, indifferent to what others thought of him, a brilliant talker, a caustic wit, truthful, honest, but cheerfully tolerant of the dishonesty of others – altogether a strange man'. As a writer he was very much the *belle-lettriste*, with a consciously amateur style and a waylaying mockery.

His first fragment *Le Petit Ami* is as much a piece of introspection about the art of finding the right words for one's memories and nostalgias, as it is of his childhood itself. The book was published in 1903 and caused a small scandal because of one of its episodes. He had grown up and met the mother he only faintly remembered and who did not know him. Halting and embarrassed, he pressed a disturbing flirtation upon her, addressing her as mother and mistress. She was now a reformed and respectable bourgeoise with a legitimate family; but he awakened the coquette in her; she was flustered, tempted in imagination. For three days they talked – while his aunt lay dying in the next room – and for months they wrote extravagantly tender letters to each other 'without believing in them overmuch', until the Stendhalian episode ended and the mother sternly reverted to the bourgeoise and broke off the correspondence. Léautaud had both feet firmly set in literature and his claws were showing when he played with his mother's sensibility and his own. Literature was his escape and his weapon and he took a cruel pleasure, well-known to artists, in punishing his mother for her heartlessness by heartlessly leading her on, so as to provide himself with one more 'little page' of his book. (In fact, this very heartlessness pleased her.) Léautaud's faults as a writer belong to the period: archness, pretended modesty, the habit of calling things 'little': 'I, my little corner'. 'One acts little plays sometimes sentimental. . . .' One does 'absurd little things'. Why he hated Anatole France, whom he often resembles, it is hard to see; but when Anatole France played, he at least played at passion. There is a hint indeed that onanism rather than lechery was Léautaud's vice.

Under the conscious charm, Léautaud was a rancorous and probably envious critic, as his *Journals* show. His virtue as a writer lies in his power of precise portraiture, his particularity when he is describing the street and shop life of Montmartre, the sociable sight of the Folies Bergère, and also certain macabre scenes like the death of one of his girls in hospital, the death of his aunt and his father; and above all in his emotional honesty. Of course, he had few emotions; but he

refused to take the deprivation. He had a horror of 'literature'. In erotic insinuation he is tactful rather than inciting, never over-heated. He was amused by a girl who brought him coffee in the morning and whose breast hung into the sugar bowl when she bent to put the tray down. He could, he frequently notes, supply 'more precise details and livelier scenes' but prefers not. Prudence is part of the titillation. He is describing the mean world in which he has been brought up and is at home, enjoys its garishness, delights in the mercenary nature of his friends, and their hardness as they age. He escapes the depravity of the outsider, and if he is a smug, old sentimental cynic on the surface, he is much more the grim, observant and devastated child underneath. Actually, he was only 35 when *Le Petit Ami* was written and his assumption of the air of premature old age was a literary device. With father bringing home a different actress every night and step-mother carrying on about it, the young Léautaud must have been old at the age of ten. It is natural that he should feel for women as he feels for animals; a half-contemptuous, half-fascinated charity. Of men, represented by his ruthless father, he was terrified. That, among other things, must account for his rancour as a critic. But he had the talent to etch a small world clearly and without blobbing it with moralistic shadows. Mr Humphrey Hare's translation is excellent.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Mating Game

Sex and the Adolescent. By MAXINE DAVIS. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Where it gives factual information this American book (which is introduced by Eustace Chesser) is rather more direct and plain than most British introductions to sex. Now and again Miss Davis lapses into the role of a jolly and devastatingly understanding grown-up; but if this part of her book could be winnowed from the rest it might be useful to some adolescents whose parents had not provided the basic information earlier.

The rest, of course, is much the more difficult part, since it is about sexual behaviour. And here every issue is heavy with intangible and often conflicting pressures – from society, from the family, from relationships with intimates and from one's own personality. Even if some adults forget the extraordinary complexity of this condition most adolescents are naturally very well aware of it – and especially those who are likely to seek guidance in a book, since they will often be those from whom society, so as to develop their intellectual abilities, is requiring an extended period of celibate pupilage.

It is not easy, even for one who reaches decisions within a context of religious belief, to write convincingly about sexual problems in adolescence. Those of us who have no such context, but set out to justify some forms of behaviour and reject others in purely human terms, have a very much harder job than Miss Davis seems to realise. When we stand back from her advice on almost all topics we realise that the unexamined assumption behind it is a form of 'other-directedness'. Take her advice on 'petting', which boils down to this:

1. 'Petting' is 'a social custom . . . not only permissible but an almost universal practice'. So we had better 'come to terms' with it.
2. Anyway, it can be 'valuable experience'; and learning how far to allow it to go can be 'an aid to the development of self-control'.
3. But it can be dangerous, especially for girls since they may become pregnant. So we must work out some sensible rules (these inevitably include, for a girl, the art of 'concluding tactfully' after allowing the boy to go as far as she wishes).

'Petting', in short, is not only a social convention but a bit of machinery for smooth personal relationships. What a long way we are – and indeed what a sad way – from even the old 'hedging and ditching'. The approach to the apparently vexed choice between 'going steady' or mixed 'dating' is similar: 'going steady' assures even the plainest Jane of a date, at least, and since everyone gets someone it's 'democratic'; still, mixed 'dating' gives wider experience. But perhaps soon the conventions will be more firmly established and we won't have to choose between the two ourselves. . . .

That problems can be felt as intensely personal is persistently underrated. There is one reference to 'what the average decent person calls his conscience' (so even there the norm is social). The stress is solidly on adjustment to the social forms which happen to operate just now. Inevitably the individual person ceases to exist, is distanced, manipulated, *used*: 'a jealous person is not good matrimonial material'; 'a shy boy needs a mate who is able to become a social asset'; 'if she wants to marry David she goes all out, reminds everybody that David is a great executive'. Ugh!

As I've said, this is an intensely difficult subject. But I think most adolescents who consciously try to work out their bearings will reject Miss Davis's 'solutions'. I doubt if they will settle for an attitude which is, once it's been stripped of its 'sensible' packaging, no more than a calculated game of adjustment to what most people happen to accept, to what the social market will bear just at the moment. And I believe, from such experience as I've had, that this is just as true of thoughtful American adolescents as of British. As you read this book you can hear Holden Caulfield, all alone, swearing in the background. Adolescents today may often seem crazy mixed-up kids; but their elders won't unmix them by reducing their problems to this thinly horizontal dimension. The baffled idealism which often lies behind their mixed-up state is, after all, so much more complex and finer a thing.

RICHARD HOGGART

Taurology

The Horn and the Sword. By JACK RANDOLPH CONRAD. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25*s.*

The basis of bull-worship is obvious enough. Most of human culture is founded on the seed of these snorting half-ton muscle-engined sex-maniacs. Their gentle wives are the foster-mothers of us all; we daily castrate, kill and devour their sons. It must have been as natural for primitive man to worship the bull as the sun; if we had any gratitude we would worship him still; yet in John Bull's island only that esoteric petit-bourgeois society, the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes, remembers his due.

In this Elysian arena Marx and Freud can loll side by side, animadverting without a cross word. 'Let me draw your attention, friend Karl, to the phallic Phrygian cap worn by young Mithras, the Persian bull-slayer, later proudly sported by your revolutionaries.' 'I would remind you, Genosse Sigmund, that the production relations of the early tribal communities of the Iranian uplands have yet to be elucidated. But the spectacle commences. This is my intrepid equestrian friend Engels's debut as a picador and I have promised him a critique . . .'

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Mr Conrad, a widely read American amateur of bulls, here provides a zestful survey of the cult of the bull god, with emphasis on the pictorial records from the wall paintings of black aurochs bulls in the caves at Altamira onwards. So natural a totem animal is the noble bull with his Jovian curls that men metamorphose into him imperceptibly. Minotaurism is widespread. The Sumerian human-headed bull god Enlil; the horned Celtic God of Water; Michelangelo's Moses; examples are numerous and convincing. There is even a taurine analogy to the immaculate conception: the birth of Apis, the Egyptian bull deity, was believed to be due to the impregnation of a special cow by a ray of moonlight. By the time we arrive at the first century BC, when the cult of Mithras reached Rome, we are prepared to go all the way with Mr Conrad's contention that 'there is much to suggest that the ritual killing of the sacred bull was derived from an earlier practice of ritual regicide.' It is a pity, though, that he does not give us rather more detail about the resemblances and the struggle between Roman Mithraism and Christianity. The superior attraction of Christianity, with its more powerful redemption through a human sacrifice, was perhaps the nodal point here. He only touches on the ethical code of Mithraism, which it seems was not negligible.

The most exciting part of the book is the Cretan chapter. The Minoan bull play, he suggests, was part of a magic ritual designed to procure some of the bull's immense power. The Cretan toreador, male or female, 'grasped the horns of the charging bull a split second before the lowered head snapped upward in a mighty toss and was immediately catapulted into the air. Performing a forward somersault in mid-air he landed with his feet on the back of the bull or on the ground.' The evidence that this fantastically difficult and dangerous feat was regularly performed is incontrovertible. One wonders how it would compare with the record of the greatest Spanish matador, the famous Pedro Romero who, in the eighteenth century, killed more than a thousand bulls *á recibiendo*, while taking the charge. But by the time he reaches Spain at the end of the book, after touching on the equestrian chivalric bull-fight, Mr Conrad is nearly spent. He points out that the bull makes a perfect target for ambivalent emotions of a rebellious adolescent pattern. He stresses the peculiar fascination of the fighting bull, the perfect athlete with his tapering figure, nimble gait, yet restricted movement, as a giant plaything, dangerous and challenging, yet easy for monkey-like man to outwit. Then after stressing the ritual element in the modern bullfight, and quoting a jingle to illustrate ambivalence towards bull-fighters, 'Manolete couldn't kill a cockroach in the bathroom', he signs off.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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From the Chinese

Ch'u Tz'u; the Songs of the South; An Ancient Chinese Anthology. Translated by DAVID HAWKES. *Oxford*. 30*s*.

Most people know about the *Shih Ching* (the so-called Book of Odes) as the great ancient anthology of Chinese poetry, but it is less well known that there is a second collection of almost equal status, the *Ch'u Tz'u* (the odes associated with the ancient feudal State of Ch'u in South Central China). The first of these anthologies consists of folk-songs and ballads, together with a smaller number of court 'minnesinger' pieces, dating from the ninth to the sixth centuries BC. The second includes mainly odes following a restricted number of themes and patterns, together with a group of shamanist liturgical 'anthems', and all the poems date from the fourth (perhaps the fifth) century BC to the second century AD. If one were to seek for parallels in ancient Greek culture, the Book of Odes might be compared with the Homeric epics (allowing, of course, for the great difference in style and subject), while the Odes of Ch'u might be compared with the Greek Anthology – though again the form and content are altogether different. Of the Book of Odes there have been many good translations, among which that of James Legge is still authoritative so far as English is concerned, though without the literary acceptability of the version by Arthur Waley. The Odes of Ch'u, however, have fared worse, partly because translators have rendered them into quite unsuitable metres, often even doggerel in character, and Waley himself has tackled only the liturgical songs. In the present book David Hawkes (the new holder of the chair of Chinese at Oxford) gives some dreadful examples of the work of previous translators, which may now be relegated to purely archival shelves. He also adds valuable notes which include Chinese characters. This is important, because in view of the corruptions in such an ancient text any translator must choose between competing interpretations.

The dominant theme in all the Ch'u odes, whether written in that State itself, or by Ch'in and Han poets following the tradition, is the lament. These laments are those of outcast or exiled intellectuals, sometimes Taoist but mostly Confucian, who had been ministers or officials at the courts of feudal kings or princes, or in the imperial bureaucracy; or who wanted to be, or thought they ought to have been. Exile has come about because the scholar has taken stand on some issue which he believed to involve justice and righteousness. He has been dismissed because of the influence of court flatterers or evil advisers, and the imagery in which he speaks of his prince is that of a lover and his mistress. In the traditional development of the ode, following the great pattern set by Ch'ü Yuan in the late fourth century BC in his *Li Sao* (On Encountering Sorrow), the poet-scholar undertakes a magic journey throughout the whole universe, visiting constellations, discussing with gods and spirits, and sometimes seeing his own home far below. Wandering among the real forests and sailing down the rivers as these exiles undoubtedly did, the Confucians, it is interesting to find, were much more miserable than the Taoists, for the former were all inextricably bound up with the social life of man while the latter were used to the idea of hermit sages contemplating Nature in remote seclusion. David Hawkes is perhaps right that the lesser poets of the school can be rather tedious on the subject of unrecognised virtue and talent, or the miseries of the exile who will not bow to injustice, but I would disagree with him when he says that 'the poet's situation has lost its poignancy for us'. This remark may be intended to refer only to a particular Han poet Yen Chi – it is surely inapplicable to the odes as a whole. Exile and injury for justice and righteousness' sake is almost as much a feature of our own time as it was in the time of Ch'ü Yuan and his followers. It is thus entirely appropriate that this book should be one of the series of translations sponsored by Unesco, and it will certainly help many to understand Chinese culture better, for the note of ethical faith independent of religious doctrine sounds almost as strongly as it does in the Master himself.

From the point of view of literature David Hawkes's translations are admirable. His good and most readable English gives us in its stride satisfying phrases such as:

> When he thought of their former close companionship
> He put on white weeds and wept for him. . . .

It is interesting to find that although our translator says almost nothing about his own models, he makes great use of the metre of *Piers Plowman* – altogether appropriate both in nature and evocative undertone for his subject.

> My name was equal to the Heaven and Earth,
> Rivalled in brightness the starry firmament.
> I sucked pure essences and spewed out earthy humours:
> Thrown on an evil world, I held no truce with it.
> And for sounding men's metal without fear or favour
> I was turned out, and lies were told about me;
> My prince gave ear to falsehood and spurned the truth,
> Rejected my counsels and followed his own bent. . . .

This was written by the great bibliographer and alchemist Liu Hsiang about 35 BC. By contrast, the good old king

> Drove the paramours out of the council chamber,
> And welcomed the goddess Fu-fei on the river Lo.
> Rooted out slanderous knaves from the central courtyard,
> And chose Lü and Kuan from out of the bush-land.
> Under the greenwood was no wronged gentleman,
> On the river's banks were no exiles in hiding.

Surely many readers will be attracted by so excellent an English dress for a kind of ancient Chinese poetry well worth knowing.

It will be seen that there are few criticisms to be made. From the philosophical point of view, how-

ever, I feel that expressions such as 'the Lord God' or even 'God' are rather regrettable, since the whole of Chinese thought is profoundly characterised by an absence of that ferocious Hebrew monotheism which is part of our own inheritance. 'Fairy' for Taoist *hsien* or tutelary deity also makes one uneasy, since the ideas have almost nothing in common. And lastly, if it is not hypercritical, 'ether' is a very well-understood chemical compound which one can have in a bottle, so that 'æther' is better for an all-pervading medium, though even that imports the ideas of nineteenth-century physicists into the untranslatable *ch'i* of old. But these are only the *arrière-pensées* which spontaneously arise in a scientific mind, and imply no real blemishes on a splendid contribution to the emotional and intellectual contact of China with the West.

JOSEPH NEEDHAM

Reflections on the Pool

Educational Guidance and the Pool of Ability. By DOUGLAS M. MCINTOSH. *University of London Press.* 21*s.*

Youth in a Technical Age. By D. M. SILBERTSON. *Parrish.* 21*s.*

Educating One Nation. By JOHN SHARP. *Parrish.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These three books reflect in their different ways (sometimes a bit muddiedly, it must be confessed) an increasing concern in this country – the concern with what one of them calls in a moment of vivacity 'the pool of ability' – the sheer quantity of intelligence available among the population for the purposes of society. The greater respect for intelligence which Matthew Arnold pleaded for has arrived, although for reasons different from those he advanced, and carrying along with it an idea of intelligence not at all like his. We look on intelligence now as a primary material for an efficient economy; the impression one gets even from the Ministry of Education is that it thinks of itself as a Ministry of Fuel and Power rather than one of sweetness and light. And of course in a country like ours, more and more rapidly being unpadded of its protective fat, it is hardly possible not to think of intelligence in this pragmatic way.

The trouble about conceiving of intelligence in so emphatically a functional manner is that one drifts into the illusion that the multiplication of functions will necessarily be accompanied by an increase in the intelligence required to perform them. But we have to recognise that the highest kind of intellectual ability, the capacity to master and manipulate intricate conceptual patterns, is also the rarest. Dr McIntosh and his collaborators in their serious and thorough study of some 4,500 secondary school children in Fife estimate the size of this pool as between eleven and sixteen per cent. of the population. What we must not do is to be deceived by cliché conceptions about where this ability is to be found, *e.g.*, in the middle classes, or the public schools, or at Oxford and Cambridge, etc. What we must do, what we must be desperately anxious to do, is to neglect no possible source of ability and, when any appears, not to let it dry up. Even with the encouraging increase in numbers staying in the Sixth Form it is very clear, and Dr McIntosh's study strongly confirms it, that there are many able pupils – and twice as many girls as boys – still leaving school long before their ability is fully developed.

Dr McIntosh is primarily concerned to determine whether the procedures, the tests, the teacher's estimates, etc., which place children in a particular type of secondary school, do so reasonably well. On the whole he is convinced that, given our present system and syllabus, they do. His study shows that the English part of these tests is much more accurately prophetic of future success, at least when success means passing the Scottish Leaving Certificate, than the arithmetical. Parents of 'eleven plus children' who don't take to the mechanical manipulation of arithmetic will be made even more cross than they are at present by this finding. There appears to be very little relation between arithmetical dexterity and high intelligence, and hardly any at all between it and mathematical capacity.

This is a valuable book for the professional administrator. For the general reader it is like munching felt and pencil shavings. It illustrates, I am afraid, very vividly the truth that books on education can seldom be read by anybody with a sensibility less delicate than a buzz-saw. Mrs Silbertson's book, on the other hand, which deals with a much lower range of ability, with ordinary, ungifted children, who leave school early for unskilled jobs, is much more attractive and much more human. She writes clearly and sensibly about their further education and she argues convincingly that the time has come to change from a voluntary to a compulsory system of part-time education. Her theme is a sharply contemporary one, and she treats it with a nimble sense of reality.

Muscular, not nimble, is the word for *Educating One Nation.* It is full of character – the author's character. In one of his letters G. M. Hopkins talks about Browning's 'way of talking . . . with the air of a man bouncing up from the table with his mouth full of bread and cheese and saying that he means to stand no blasted nonsense'. This is very much the impression one gets from *Educating One Nation.* Among the 'blasted nonsense' which Mr Sharp is against are the public schools, grammar schools, Latin, games, and sixth forms. Among the 'blasted nonsense' he is for is 'the comprehensive principle', as he calls it, languages for the less than brilliant, a more modern syllabus and much greater attention altogether to the children below the highest range of ability. This last contention is the most valuable thing in his book. He points here to a very real weakness in our educational system. Many of the measures he recommends would undoubtedly improve the education of these children, which is for many of them simply an introduction to the characteristic feeling of today, boredom. Mr Sharp's book *is* meant for the general reader and anyone who likes a brisk rub-down with a coarse towel will find it invigorating.

WILLIAM WALSH

New Novels

Broadstrop in Season. By ROBERT KEE. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

New Face in the Mirror. By YAEL DAYAN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Hop Thief. By OSWELL BLAKESTON. *Blond.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Pueblo. By MICHEL-DROIT. Translated by EDWARD HYAMS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

Broadstrop in Season is a shapeless, over-long frivolity which keeps on promising an excitement that never comes. A Russian spy named Lubchik comes to England disguised as a refugee and involves Broadstrop, an idle bachelor of 32, in adventures which we are repeatedly told are remarkable. They meet some debutantes at the Ritz and get taken up in the gaieties of the Season, at the end of which Broadstrop is in love with one debutante, Lubchik with another, and Lubchik, the Cause now abandoned, changes his name to Lubbock. Most of the characters are liquidated on the last page but one, but even that fails to give form or significance to the preceding 299 pages. Mr Kee clearly knows the fashionable world and his novel has a certain documentary interest. His invention is negligible and he makes heavy attempts at being funny – misunderstandings on the telephone, getting drunk, asking the way – which so many young novelists now regard as indispensable. The novel sprawls. So much dialogue is unnecessary, so many descriptions of cafés and London Transport rides, so many analyses of trivial actions. I would have liked to see more of 'Simpson', the communist agent who, wishing to be inconspicuous, resolutely faces 'the meticulous accumulation of chops and pints of stout which he had always read about as the typical Englishman's morning fare'. And occasionally Mr Kee comes up with a gem. Broadstrop is interrupted while shaving; then 'with razor held genteelly aloft in his right hand like some tiny parasol he walked across to the little window'. I shall remember that.

There is a sort of vulgarity which can be achieved only by some women who write 'frank' novels in the first person and try to turn sexual encounters of transparent everyday squalor into many-splendoured things. *New Face in the Mirror* achieves that vulgarity, and already work has been done in Israel on the film script. The narrator is a very attractive Israeli girl with a very famous father; continually she overhears people saying the nicest things about herself; she is extremely efficient and repeatedly demonstrates how clever and sensitive she is; but though she is fundamentally very kind and sweet she cannot help being

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cruel. In fact she has enormous fancy problems. They are solved by a dream man of 52, 'tall and lean . . . his hair was silvery and neatly waved . . . deep-set eyes, grey and gentle . . . wearing a tweed jacket and smoking a pipe'. To her cries of 'I'm really no good . . . I can ruin almost anything beautiful' the pipe-smoker merely says, 'When you want to pack up and go, just pack up and go. I shall go on loving you.' And by his love, which gives all and asks for nothing, our heroine is cured. The trouble is I don't really care. Our heroine, surely not by design, reveals herself as shallow and insensitive and fraudulent; and she is a good deal less interesting than she thinks. She sees herself as a vamp of the Negev, striking at happy families. In fact her men are always casual and quite cool.

Hop Thief is an engaging and accomplished little curiosity. It is the diary of an old, selfish, thick-skinned bore. He spends his time drifting from one unwelcoming pub to the other; people scatter before him, but he continually misinterprets their snubs and insults. Then his son commits a crime and is wanted by the police. The old man enjoys a brief period of notoriety and grudging friendship. He sees this as a great opportunity, to write for the papers, to appear on television. But, to his disgust, the scandal quickly dies down, and he is once more left alone; he returns, reasonably happily, to the companionship of his dog. A sad, unsentimental, humorous little book though, inevitably, slow.

The hero of *Pueblo* is an epileptic Red Indian whose sister is an atomic scientist. The writer describes ritual dances, the hunting of a puma, the effects of mescalin and, puzzlingly, a Mexican bull-fight ('Paco', says the blurb, 'is fascinated by the conflict of man and beast.') M. Michel-Droit knows a lot about Indians and we all share his sympathy for them. But his novel is of an embarrassing crudity. A simple monograph on the subject would have been better.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Thunder out of Africa

Wayaleshi. By PETER FRAENKEL. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

Bush and Boma. By J. C. CAIRNS. *Murray.* 18*s.*

Wayaleshi is a new word in the vernacular languages of Central Africa. It means 'wireless' and was coined ten years ago when the Central African Broadcasting Station first began to put out programmes to the Africans of the area in their own languages. Until the Federation came into being in 1953, the CABS was part of the Information Services of the Northern Rhodesia Government, and therefore an agent of the Colonial Office. That the station was no mere lackey of its master was due to the presence on its staff of some unusual people. One of these was Mr Peter Fraenkel, who describes in his book the exciting work of education that they did in those early days, and the sad collapse of this work after Federation.

Mr Fraenkel regarded the function of his job as being 'to build a bridge between the old and the new, and so assist Africans to make an informed adjustment to their new society'. In carrying out this aim he was helped greatly by the craze for listening that followed the invention of the Saucepan Special. This is a battery-operated radio with the works mounted in a container like a saucepan; it is remarkably cheap, and hundreds of thousands of homes in Central Africa have one. Mr Fraenkel and his colleagues exploited the fascination of the new toy cleverly. Most of the programmes were musical, and the music was African, performed by the listeners themselves. When a story was told on the air, it would be a tribal legend; the plays dealt with African characters in an African setting, and were unscripted as a rule; the news was mostly of African affairs, often parochial and even domestic. Thus was a sense of participation created in the audience. Only occasionally did the broadcasters try a little education, mostly in the way of English lessons and talks on history and hygiene. They did not do much propaganda, concerning themselves rather with the techniques of broadcasting to an uninformed public. 'Uninformed' did not mean simple, they soon found. Vocabulary was a problem, and in a programme describing the climbing of Everest it was found impossible to convey the idea of 'snow', but 'adultery' was a well-known word, and 'trade-union' and 'strike' were familiar terms. Mr Fraenkel does not allow himself to theorize. He describes his work in a series of anecdotes, and they are very revealing. The portraits of his African fellow-broadcasters are especially notable.

Wayaleshi is a gay book as well as a thoughtful one, but the total effect is sombre. It is not all shop by any means; Mr Fraenkel's mind ranges far beyond his job. His analysis of the failings of the African leaders is shrewd. The great difficulty in a country like the Federation is to find outstanding men. It is the same elsewhere in Africa, and in the new nations of Asia. Again, Mr Fraenkel is interesting on the waning influence of the missionaries in Central Africa. He claims that the energies they channelled into religion will be freed increasingly for politics. Mr Fraenkel's mind has a long stretch. He knows Sir Roy Welensky well, and he gives us a sympathetic account of this strange man, while admitting that he is dangerous. Although Mr Fraenkel supports the Capricorn Africa Society, he exposes the confusions that led them to support the unification of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. Their chief fault is a residue of paternalism, profoundly insulting to Africans. 'Bloody do-gooder whites', is what they call these smiling liberals.

Sanders of the River has been a long time dead, though not quite buried, it appears, for a ghostly voice may be heard in the pages of Mr J. C. Cairns's *Bush and Boma*. Mr Cairns was a District Officer in Tanganyika for seven years until 1957, and he gives a good, plain account of his work without asking any awkward questions. He refers to himself, without embarrassment, as the father of his flock. He is observant, and his book makes comfortable reading, rather as old numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine* do.

Mr Cairns thinks that the Africans were nothing before the Europeans came. Well, there are civilizations and civilizations, and you can take your pick. Mr Fraenkel knows that they are all the same under the skin, and he takes no comfort from the fact. The massacres of Chaka, the sacrifices at Benin are nothing to what we have done to one another in Europe. Livingstone called Africa 'the open sore of the world' but he had mid-nineteenth-century industrial Britain at his back. The true indictment of white settlement in Africa is that we have done hardly anything to make the lives of Africans happier. In some respects they are less miserable than they were, but that is not the same thing. Once Mr Fraenkel was talking to an African friend about the Matabele chief Lobengula's hopeless struggles against the British South Africa Company:

> I suggested that we should try to do a programme about his last campaign. There were sure to be men alive who had fought by his side.
> 'Oh yes,' he replied, 'my grandfather was there.'

'Couldn't we get him to record?'

He shook his head doubtfully: 'It wouldn't make a good recording. When I was a little boy I used to ask him about it. He would start to tell me and get all excited. Then he would falter and stop . . . and cry. He just cried and cried and refused to say another word.'

In the end Mr Fraenkel gave up Africa for lost, and his story confirms much that we have heard. If what is coming there can be called a dawn, it looks as if it will be a bloody one.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

Hand to Racket

The Story of Tennis. By LORD ABERDARE. *Stanley Paul.* 21s.

The game of real tennis dates back to the obscurity of the early Middle Ages, when it was popular in monasteries. Its French name, *jeu de paume*, indicates that it was originally played by hand like Basque *pelota:* the racket did not appear until the time of Henry VIII. Lord Aberdare, who is himself a brilliant old hand at the game, has written its history with enthusiasm, and elucidates some of its curious technical terms that have so long baffled the ignorant. In the heyday of royalty kings were very fond of their tennis-courts, for the exercise it afforded them in wet weather and the scope for betting: the umpire was somewhat prejudiced in their favour by all accounts. In the eighteenth century, when kings became sedentary, the game went out of fashion but it revived in England in late Victorian times with a dozen new tennis-courts built all round the countryside. Lawn tennis started as a poor relation of tennis, with the first Wimbledon Championship in 1877, but has now far surpassed its predecessor in popular appeal. Indeed, so attractive has it become as a spectacle, that its status as an amateur's game is in grave danger. The professionals have taken over the cream of each year's Wimbledon crop and intend to go on doing so. Lord Aberdare can offer no easy solution to the problem, but suggests that the precedent of golf will have to be followed, where pros play for money and amateurs strictly for glory.

The book is sensibly written, enlivened with anecdotes, bulked out with a few records and statistics, and more than adequately illustrated. It contains a charming picture of King Charles IX of France at the age of two holding a tiny tennis racket, a formidable portrait of Mrs Lambert Chambers in her prime taking a forehand drive and some splendid photographs of that female prodigy, Mademoiselle Suzanne Lenglen, in action.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,534 **Set by Inigo**

The usual prizes are offered for a description in house-agent's English of any one of the following houses: Knole, Alnwick Castle, Blenheim, Harewood, Castle Howard, Arundel Castle, Hatfield, Chatsworth, Longleat or Woburn Abbey. Limit: 150 words; entries by Monday, 27 July.

Result of No. 1,531 Set by William Salter

The usual prizes are offered for the best sets of three maxims ('A general truth drawn from science or experience' – OED). Example: 'Always keep a hat in the house: a Jew may wish to take an oath'.

Report

An enormous entry, reeking with cynicism and worldly wisdom. This journal itself was not spared; as R. M. Anthony had it: 'Mention a Privy in a competition entry and you are half-way towards gaining a Purse.' All one can do is quote. Prize-winners first; two guineas to Allan M. Laing, and what is left divided among the other sets printed. The best of the field follow.

Never tell the truth to a liar: he wouldn't believe you.
Looking glasses are for the good-looking.
Enemies demand consideration: friends may only hope for it.

ALLAN M. LAING

Learn many things you know already from people who don't know them, and be popular.
Write nothing but your epitaph, build nothing but your tomb, and escape envy.
Swallow a toad every morning, and what you meet during the day will seem less disgusting.

D. H. R. BREARLEY

Always take a spare wedding ring on a long journey: in many places shops do not open on Sunday.
Always keep a stock of share-transfer forms in the house: you never know when you may need to take over.
Always be in a state of grace: the next war may start very suddenly.

LEONARD L. KATAN

The Joneses are harder to keep up with than the Cholmondeleys.
Keep a silver spoon handy – you may shelter a premature birth.
Too many bids spoil the merger.

RHODA TUCK POOK

Always keep a velvet glove in your pocket: you never know when you may need an iron grip.
Always look underneath the sheep's clothing: it may only be a sheep.
Always give riches their due; you never know when you may have an expense account yourself.

RUPERT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS

A man who is always declaring he is no fool usually has his suspicions.
Before undergoing a serious operation, arrange your affairs. You may live.
Talent is the punch, tact the clever footwork.

G. P.

If prayer were answered it would degenerate into correspondence. LEN SALT

Do not be too eager to flaunt a television aerial; some may see it as culture's tombstone.

C. G. PEARSON

To help a friend financially without giving offence, offer a very large sum. M. H.

Choose a *belle amie* with the same name as your wife's; you may talk in your sleep.

W. G. DAISH

Always maintain a reserve supply of ink: the pen may be mightier than the sword but ink decides the final word. P. W. R. FOOT

If you must play 'strip Jack naked', be sure you get home before daylight. L. G. UDALL

Parents who are incapable of leading their children invariably complain that their children are easily led. GEOFFREY PARKINSON

If anything goes wrong, blame the doctor. You cannot get cash out of Mother Nature.

LEON M. SHIRLAW

Always carry a corkscrew when travelling abroad: you may want to explain the meaning of 'spiral' to an economist. R. KENNARD DAVIS

It is possible for even the oldest of allies to experience an atomic fall-out. ALAN F. WALLIS

City Lights

Bidder Takes All

IT is still anybody's Harrods. Mr Hugh Fraser, in search of comfort and support, has now taken on J. Walter Thompson and the fourth merchant bank to be involved in this affair: with their help he has launched on the public his new and improved offer, an offer which carries a good deal more for the Ordinary and a good deal less for the equal-voting Preference. This change of tactics has nonplussed everyone. It would make obvious enough sense if Mr Fraser had already bought a massive block of Preference through the market, but most of them are thought still to be in the hands of the general public; the other bidders can still buy them for votes, and more cheaply now that the price has come back, but at the risk of losing a great deal of money down the drain unless they win. The most likely explanation is that Mr Fraser has merely decided to re-deploy what forces he has available: the £12m cash involved in his new bid for the Ordinary is the same amount as was originally involved in his bids for the Ordinary and Preference together.

The size of Mr Fraser's bank balance, indeed, is the biggest puzzle of all at the moment. His accounts, just issued, show very little cash to spare; £1½m will come in when he has finished selling off odd bits of Barkers and there are plans for raising more by mortgaging and selling other property, but there is no sign anywhere of the

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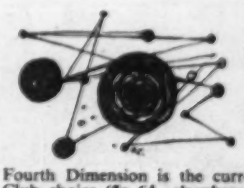

OCCAM'S RAZOR

A brilliant contemporary application of an old principle: David Duncan's masterly story of a man who finds a way into the Fourth Dimension is the current Science Fiction Book Club choice (5s. 6d., elsewhere 12s. 6d.). Write or phone for free prospectus containing details of the other outstanding SF titles chosen by Arthur C. Clarke, E. J. Carnell and Dr. J. G. Porter and available to members at bargain cost:

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£18m he will need to raise if he is to acquire the whole Ordinary and Preference capital of Harrods. He may, indeed, be thinking for the moment only in terms of enough cash to acquire 51 per cent. of the votes, but the chairman of Harrods may equally well require evidence that he can raise enough to acquire the lot.

* * *

Lord Kemsley, aged 75, runs Kemsley Newspapers, owning, with other family shareholders, nearly half of a group which still includes the *Sunday Times*, the *Sunday Graphic* and *Empire News*, and a long string of provincials. He has been negotiating with Roy Thomson, an elderly Canadian newspaper-owner who burst into Scotland six years ago, acquired the *Scotsman* and a small chain of Highland papers, was allegedly kept out of the *Glasgow Herald* by the patriotic intervention of Hugh Fraser, and is said to be making a very good thing out of his 80 per cent share in Scottish Television. The result of these negotiations will probably be a further concentration of the ownership of the press, but they will be best remembered in the City for the fact that the price of Kemsley shares nearly doubled in three days last week without the Board seeing fit to issue an adequate statement. The jobbers have complained to the Stock Exchange Council on a point of principle: the shares of companies involved in bids and mergers usually rise a good deal before any public announcement is made, but seldom so startlingly far or so indiscreetly fast as this.

* * *

And there's Lintang. Lintang was once a rubber company, the assets were sold off, and it ended up a shell in the hands of Mr Maxwell Joseph, hotel and property owner. Mr Joseph invested it with Dolphin Court, the largest block of flats in Europe, and with a property estate near Bayswater, placed a block of shares and regained his Stock Exchange quotation. The thing created a minor furore at the time—only last March; together with a similar operation by Mr Howard Samuel, Mr Joseph's relation by marriage, it persuaded the Stock Exchange to place a temporary ban on placings of property shares. What happened was that the shares were placed at 11s. 9d.; brokers queued for hours and jostled each other in an undignified manner in the rush for shares when dealings opened. The price reached 23s. 6d. later that day before it relapsed.

It regained that level, something over three months later, on the news that a small but up-and-coming property group had acquired control of Lintang from the directors and was bidding 24s. for the shares held by the public. The group is paying well over twice the price fixed by an up-to-date valuation in March; but it has a reputation for keeping the price of its shares high and it presumably knows what it is doing: one suggestion is that it will offer Mr Joseph's tenants in Dolphin Square, aggrieved at the increase in their rents, the option to buy a long lease on their flats. The interesting point – apart, of course, from the source of the bidder's finance – is that the bid values the shares in Lintang issued to Mr Joseph in exchange for Dolphin Square at £4¼m: Dolphin Square was acquired by Mr Joseph from Richard Costain last November at a price reported to be £2¼–2½m. To make this amount of money, I reckon, I should have had to begin writing this column at about the time writing was first creeping into Europe and to have continued it wearily for 4,000 years. But Max Joseph is a nice chap, and he looks after his friends: certain directors, and the chairman of Lintang is the Lord Mayor of London, are to get compensation of £15,000. Nor does he believe in wasting time. Last weekend he launched a new property company.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 505. Link with the Past

I wonder if, apart from Sir George Thomas, there is anyone left who knew Zukertort. Even Thomas didn't know him to speak to, he merely set eyes on him at a respectful distance when, at the hand of his nurse, he was bidden to his mother's drawing-room. Zukertort died almost exactly 70 years ago, and for some personal link with him I have to resort to my memories of the late O. C. Müller who knew him well and learned his chess from him. I played some exhilaratingly unsound skittles with Müller at a time when he was barely in his mid-eighties and used to lie shockingly about his age, telling me he was either 96 or 98 – he wasn't quite sure which. He also told me that his teacher Zukertort was quite a hard taskmaster. 'My dear Müller,' he would say, 'it's uncanny how invariably you manage to find the right moves; your only trouble is that you happen to make them one move late.' The master himself certainly made them on time, whenever he was at his best, such as in his two famous wins over Anderssen or in this brilliant refutation of the Kieseritzky Gambit which Steinitz ventured against him at Vienna, 1882.

(1) P-K4,P-K4; (2) P-KB4,PxP; (3) Kt-KB3,P-KKt4; (4) P-KR4,P-Kt5; (5) Kt-K5,Kt-KB3; (6) B-B4,P-Q4; (7) PxP,B-Kt2; (8) Kt-QB3,O-O; (9) P-Q4,Kt-R4; (10) Kt-K2,P-QB4!; (11) P-B3 PxP; (12) PxP,Kt-Q2! [Obviously White mustn't play 13) KtxKtP on account of . . . Kt-Kt3, winning a piece] ; (13) KtxKt, BxKt; (14) Q-Q3,R-B1; (15) KtxP,B-K1 ch; (16) K-Q1,P-Kt4!; (17) KtxKt (practically forced), PxB; (18) Q-QB3,BxP; (19) B-Q2,Q-Kt3!; (20) B-B3,R-K6!; (21) R Kt1,BxB; (22) RxR,QxR; (23) PxB,Q-Kt8 ch; (24) K-Q2,QxP ch!; (25) K-K3,R-K1 ch; (26) K-Q4,Q-K5 ch; (27) K-B5,Q-K2 ch; (28) P-Q6,Q-K4 ch (29) KxP,Q-K5 ch and soon won.

A year later, winning the London Tournament ahead of Steinitz, Blackburne and Tchigorin, Zukertort won his famous game against Blackburne by what Steinitz called 'one of the most noble combinations ever conceived over the chess board'.

(1) P-QB4,P-K3; (2) P-K3,Kt-KB3; (3) Kt-KB3,P-QKt3; (4) B-K2,B-Kt2; (5) O-O,P-Q4; (6) P-Q4,B-Q3; (7) Kt-B3,O-O; (8) P-QKt3,QKt-Q2; (9) B-Kt2, Q-K2?(P-B4!); (10) Kt-QKt5!,Kt-K5; (11) KtxB,PxKt; (12) Kt-Q2,Kt(2)-B3; (13) P-B3 KtxKt; (14) QxKt,PxP; (15) BxP,P-Q4; (16) B-Q3!,KR-B1; (17) QR-K1,R-B2; (18) P-K4,QR-B1; (19) P-K5,Kt-K1; (20) P-B4,P-Kt3; (21) R-K3! [It was here that Zukertort visualised the combination that would be heading for its climax seven moves later]. P-B4; (22) PxPe.p., KtxP; (23) P-B5!,Kt-K5; (24) BxKt,PxB; (25) PxKtP!!,R-B7; (26) PxP ch,K-R1; (27) P-Q5 ch,P-K4; (28) Q-Kt4!!! [The Q is taboo on account of a mate in 7] ,R(1)-B4; (29) R-B8 ch!! [The R taboo too on account of mate in 5] ,KxP; (30) QxP ch,K-Kt2; (31) BxP ch!,KxR; (32) B-Kt7 ch!, resigns.

And here's how (still a youngster in Poland) Zukertort showed his frequently proved knack of refuting the K-Gambit.

(1) P-K4,P-K4; (2) P-KB4,PxP; (3) B-B4,P-Q4; (4) BxP,Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-QB3,B-QKt5; (6) KKt-K2?,P-B3; (7) B-Kt3,B-Kt5; (8) P-Q3?,KtxP! (9) PxKt,Q-R5ch, (10) K-B1,P-B6; (11) PxP,B-R6ch. 12) K-Kt1,B-B4 ch; (13) Kt-Q4,BxKt ch; (14) QxB,Q-K8 mate.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced the win very neatly. **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins and very pretty, the latter being far from easy and defying such all too obvious attempts as 1) P-R5 or 1) B-R7. Usual prizes. Entries by

A: H. Zukertort, 1883: /4k3/plP3pl/2q1ktplp/3Kt4/8/1Q3PP1/6KP/8/.

B: L. B. Salkind: / 1r2B1k1 / 4P3 / p6P / 2p5 / 16/ 1B4K1/8.

C: J. Behting: /6B/5P2/5Kktk/8/7P/24/.

REPORT on No. 502. Set 27 June

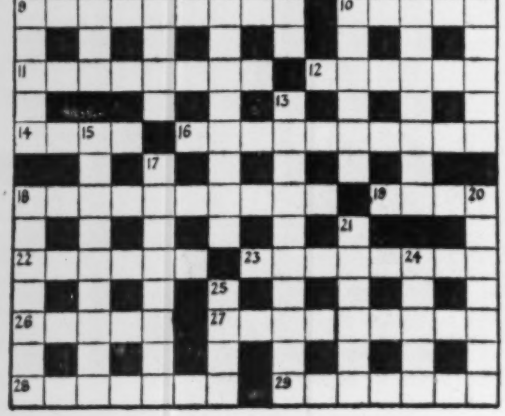
A: (12) KtxB!! and wins a piece.
B: (1) Q-Q7 ch,K-B3; (2) Q-B7 ch,K-Kt4; (3) Q-Kt6 ch,K-B5; 4) Q-Kt4 ch,K-B3; (5) Q-Kt6 ch,K-K2; (6) Q-B7 mate.
C: (1) Q-K5,BxP; (2) R-Kt8 ch,RxR; (3) Kt-R5 ch,BxQ stalemate.

Prizes: J. G. Lloyd, G. A. Gautreg, W. T. Maccall, S. N. Collings, W. H. L. Brooking.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 362

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 362, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 27 July.



ACROSS

1. The long-distance flier has to storm after a fighter (7).
5. Desires change but stays permanently (7).
9. Sporting competition for a marriage drama? (9).
10. Place in which to keep some cigarettes (5).
11. Attribute of a piece of writing about a deity (8).
12. Base metal for a bank-note with no backing (6).
14. A vessel partly open (4).
16. Island which is furious with a dignitary's vehicle (10).
18. Weighty conversations for birds (10).
19. How styles finish poetry (4).
22. Takes over exercises in chemical reaction (6).
23. Colour without line is changed to the opposite (8).
26. Without it the fool would become a historian (5).
27. Two ordeals in one match (4, 5).
28. Room to know about irritation (7).
29. Walks for a street-car? (7).

DOWN

1. Place where Sambo curls up in his mother's embrace (7).
2. Rise and dress (5).
3. 'Visions of glory, spare my —— sight' (Gray) (6).
4. Signals turning past her leg (10).
5. Light lines for fish (4).
6. Writer whose wrath rises in changing hands (8).
7. 'You have —— the mirth, broke the good meeting' (*Macbeth*) (9).
8. Class of broken remains (7).
13. Decapitate these girls and you have first-rate hair (10).
15. The record consists in a cup for the defender (9).
17. The others have an urge to do the needlework again (8).
18. Deep colour for thrift (7).
20. Seats to make more in what may make less (7).
21. Instructor for people on a mountain (6).
24. Strip of wood for shed (5).
25. The gun catches up (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 360

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 360

A. W. Bowyer (Belfast)
A. Gordon Taylor (London, W14)
A. G. Mann (Birmingham)

PERSONAL

YOUNG man required to join small mixed sailing party, Norfolk Broads 1–15 August. Exp. not essential. Box 9814.

YOUNG man, 29, seeks companion (m) holiday Sept. Britain or abroad. Box 9813.

WOMAN artist out most of day, would like good accom. including breakfast & light supper in return couple hours competent domestic help, mornings and some evenings. London area. Bankers & other refs. Box 9754.

CAT-lovers offered holiday flat, West End London, 14 Sept.–1 Oct. Token rental. MUS 7148, Morena, 18 Nassau St, W1.

RENT-free holiday cottage secluded in Kentish woods, in return some fruit picking. Sleeps six; avail. second half Sept. & Oct. Wedell Stanecrow, Brachet Green, nr Sevenoaks, Kent.

YNG Lady reqs remunerative evening work Sh./typ. but anything considered. Box 9632.

ENGLISH girl, 25 some experience Social Therapy & case work, seeks any int. job in USA, Autumn. Any ideas? Box 9611.

WANTED, to share a comfortable flat near Windsor literary person, male or female, any age. Bus stops adjacent. Box 9644.

£100 loan urgently reqd by young man. Securities, resident London. Box 9[illegible].

FOSTER home in the London area wanted for attractive, intelligent half-caste girl of 7 years (C. of E.) who needs long-term care. Please apply for further details to Children's Area Officer, Middlesex County Council, 213 Chevening Road, NW6.

OXFORD undergrad., (m.), Sorbonne Diplomée, will coach French, English, History, especially French conversation. MOU 4946.

MANAGING director, wide administrative & design experience, about to disengage, seeks opportunity to invest himself & capital in rural enterprise – hotel, school, or other – in southern England, with family habitation & whole or part-time occupation. Box 9576.

WANTED: furnished house Oxford or Cambridge for 1 week mid-July to mid-August. To sleep 4. Box 9780.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Entrance fee suspended during Summer. Special rates for students and married couples. Enquire about membership and excursion to Middelheim Sculpture Exhibition to the Secretary.

GLYNDEBOURNE. Two tickets 'Fidelio', 30 July, for sale. Box 9772.

NUCLEAR Disarmament Newsreel Committee urgently appeals for donations to raise £100 to complete film of Aldermaston 1959 and fund for filming other projects. All monies acknowledged & balance sheet sent to donors of over 10s. Hon. Sec., Eric Walker, 154 Corbyn St, London, N4.

ALDERMASTON March 1959 Film. Get your organisation to book now for showing in the autumn. 16 mm. 15 minutes sound. 15s. ND Newsreel Cttee, 154 Corbyn St, London, N4.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

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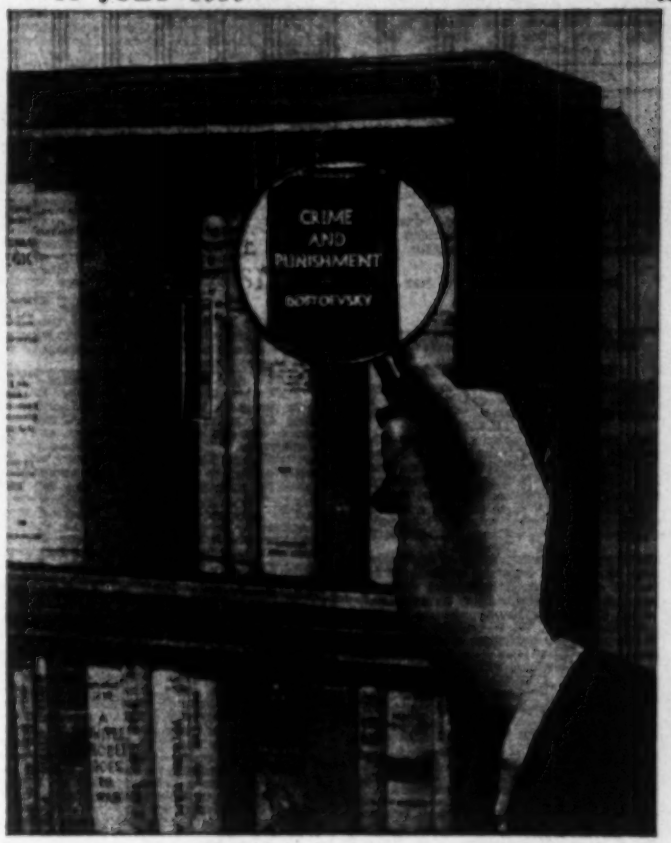

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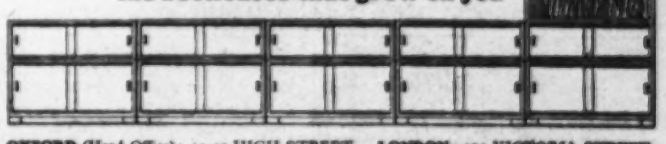

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Applications are invited for Lectureships in English Literature (Poetry, Novel and Criticism). Honours Degree in English essential, preferably with experience. Salary scale from 100–200 I.D. monthly plus allowances. (1 I.D.—£1 sterling.) Applications with references to be sent immediately to:

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UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Department of Commerce. Applications are invited for appointment to a post of Senior Lecturer in the Department of Commerce. Duties are to be assumed on 1 January, 1960, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary attached to the post is on the scale £1,590 x 60 – £2,010. The commencing salary will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. In addition, it is anticipated that an annual vacation savings bonus of £60 will be paid in October each year. Membership of the Provident Fund is compulsory and involves a contribution of 7% of the salary paid. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible for membership. The duties consist mainly in lecturing in courses in Commerce and Applied Economics to students (full-time and part-time) reading for the degree of B.Com. and those in training for the Certificate in the Theory of Accountancy. Research work is also expected from members of the academic staff. Intending applicants may obtain further and detailed information from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 31 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Lectureship in Mathematics. Applications are invited from persons qualified either in pure mathematics, applied mathematics or mathematical statistics for a lectureship in the Department of Mathematics. Candidates should state their particular fields of interest in teaching and research. The salary scale is £1,340 x 60 – £1,760 per annum. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the work of the department of Mathematics should be obtained) not later than 20 August, 1959. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

LONDON County Council. Popular Technical College, Secondary Technical Boys' School (280 pupils, age range 11+ to 16+): Assistant Masters required for (*a*) General Subjects and (*b*) Woodwork. Burnham P. & S. salary scale £498 15s. x £26 5s. to £945 plus London Allowance £37 16s. or £50 8s.; additions for qualifications and training; increments within scale for experience. Application forms from Secretary at College, Poplar High Street, E14, to be returned within 14 days. (1547).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. (1) Senior Lecturer in History. (2) Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the abovementioned posts. Applicants should state their special fields of interest. Knowledge of Constitutional History and Law or the History of Africa will be a recommendation. The salary scales are: £1,760 x 60 – £2,060 per annum for a Senior Lecturer and £1,340 x 60 – £1,760 per annum for a Lecturer. Applicants should state age, qualifications, experience, publications and research interests and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the work of the department should be obtained) not later than 20 August, 1959. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureships (2) in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above positions. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 x 90 – £A2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London, on 26 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Government and Public Administration. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 x 90 – £A2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. Applications close in Australia and London, on 26 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Music. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 x 90 – £A2,100 per annum; plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 22 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lectureship in Geography. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have a degree equivalent to an Honours degree in Geography of the University of New Zealand, and should be specially qualified to teach physical geography, including climatology and/or geomorphology to Honours classes. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1 275 per annum. An allowance will be made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 31 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lectureship in Geology. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should be Honours graduates in Geology of some British Commonwealth University. The appointee will be expected to specialise in the fields of sedimentation and sedimentary petrology. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applns close in New Zealand and London on 31 August, 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of History and Political Science. Applicants should have an Honours degree in History. An interest in Asian history would be an advantage but is not essential. Good opportunities exist for research in New Zealand and Pacific History and the facilities for work in other fields are steadily improving. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 31 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lectureship in French. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should be Honours graduates in French studies of some British Commonwealth University, preferably with some previous experience of University teaching. The appointee will be required to teach linguistics and literature. Special qualifications and research work in 19th and 20th century French literature will normally be given preference. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. Commencing salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 31 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Assistant Lectureship in English. Applications are invited for the above position. Candidates should have an Honours degree in English. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £780 per annum, rising by annual increment of £50 to £880 per annum. An allowance will be made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 31 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lectureship in English. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an Honours degree or a higher degree in English Language and Literature. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 31 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lectureship in Political Science. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of History and Political Science. Applicants should have an Honours degree. A special interest in the comparative study of political insitutions or the analysis of political society is desirable but not essential. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 31 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lectureship in German. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of Modern Languages. Applicants should be Honours graduates in German studies of some British Commonwealth or foreign university. The appointee will be required to teach Linguistics and Literature with some Philology. Special qualifications in either medieval or modern studies will be acceptable. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. An allowance will be made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 31 August, 1959.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Therapeutics. Applications are invited for the post of Research Auxiliary in the Department of Therapeutics. The successful candidate will assist in the conduct of a long-term sociomedical inquiry, and will be concerned particularly with the design and organisation of the records, and with computing and analysing the results under general supervision. Research Auxiliaries are normally recruited from University Graduates, but a University degree is not essential; experience with filing systems and record-keeping generally, or of hospital records, will be considered an advantage. Shorthand and typing are not necessary. The appointment will be for one in the first instance. Salary in the range £550–£700 per annum, with placement according to qualifications and experience. Applications, giving the names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned, as soon as possible. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow, Assistantship in the History of Fine Art. Applications are invited for an Assistantship in the History of Fine Art. Salary scale: £700–£850 per annum. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. FSSU and family allowance benefits. Applications (5 copies) should be lodged, not later than 8 August 1959, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of the University Court.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Accounting in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary on a scale £900 – £1,650 per annum; initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 25 July, 1959, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economic History, at a salary on the scale £700 x £50 – £850 for an Assistant Lecturer, or £900 x £50 – £1,350 (efficiency bar) x £75 – £1,650 a year for a Lecturer. Preference will be given to candidates whose main interests include topics related either to the eighteenth century or twentieth century. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 7 August, 1959.

LONDON County Council. Holborn College of Law, Languages, and Commerce. Part-time Lecturer in Russian required for 14 September, 1959, for 12 hours a week. Good honours degree and some teaching experience desirable. Further details and forms from Head of Department of Modern Languages at the College, Princeton Street, London, WC1. (1518.)

CITY of Cambridge – Committee for Education. Central Youth Centre. Appointment of Youth Leader. Applications are invited from persons with suitable qualifications and experience for the post of full-time Youth Leader of this large mixed Club, meeting in premises used exclusively for youth activities. The person appointed will be expected to begin duty on 1 January, 1960, or before, if possible. Salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale, together with appropriate allowances. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the City Education Officer, The Guildhall, Cambridge, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope and must be returned by 1 September, 1959.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma. The work will be in the Psychiatric Department of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and parents of disturbed children. Applications and enquiries to the House Governor, The Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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NATIONAL Council of Social Service invites applications from women with suitable qualifications and experience as Tutor to Training and Refresher Courses for Matrons and Assistant Matrons of Old People's Homes organised by National Old People's Welfare Council. Salary from £800 p.a. Further particulars and application forms from 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1. Closing date 30 July, 1959.

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A VACANCY exists for the post of Assistant Matron at the Jewish Home for the Blind, 'Rokefeld', Westcott, Nr Dorking, Surrey. For particulars apply to Secretary, Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

YOUNG women of good education are invited to train as Student Housematrons caring for handicapped children in boarding schools pleasantly situated in Home Counties and on South Coast. Good salary while training less reasonable charges for comfortable accommodation, board and laundry. Favourable prospects of promotion. Pensionable. Details and applicn forms from Education Officer (Estab. 6/1436/A), London County Council, County Hall, London, SE1.

NURSE (fully qualified) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead Garden Suburb, London. Excellent remuneration and accommodation. Box 9808.

REGIONAL Officer (full-time) for Southern Region based at present on Reading. £650 x £25 to £800 plus children's allowances. Knowledge of international affairs, speaking and organising ability, and preferably some experience of a voluntary organisation. Apply for form and particulars by sending 6sp. s.a.e. to United Nations Association, 25 Charles Street, London, W1 by 24 July.

PART-time experienced Club Leader (man or woman) required two nights a week, new mixed club in Kilburn, NW6 area. Salary £1 15s. per night. Full details and application form from The Secretary, 71 Gloucester Place, W1.

YOUTH Leader required September for open mixed club, Marylebone. Three nights weekly, 30s. nightly. Married, with experience prefd. References essential. Apply now: Secretary, 38 Cumberland Mansions, W1.

BIRMINGHAM Architects, specialising in hospital and school design, require Assistant (Final Standard) at once. Salary by arrangement. Alternate Saturdays free. Write for appointment, giving particulars of experience. Martin & Martin & W. H. Ward, 106 Colmore Row, Birmingham 3.

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THE GB-USSR Association, President Lord Attlee, seeks a secretary for the Secretary. Responsible post scope initiative £550–£800 according to qual. & exp. Knowledge Russian, good typing, fair shorthand. Apply with full details and referees to 43 Parliament Street, SW1.

FULLY experienced lady book-keeper typist required by organisation doing moral and social work. Total abstainer preferred. Write giving details, salary required, to Box 9849.

ENTHUSIASTIC, intelligent young person wanted for responsible, interesting clerical work in City wine cellar, must be able to type. Write fully to Box 9794.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RESIDENT qualified assistant teacher man or woman wanted for September at Harmeny House School, Balerno, Midlothian. Intelligent junior maladjusted. Under auspices of Save the Children Fund. Special School experience an advantage. Free board and lodging in return for extraneous duties. Apply Headmaster at above address.

EXPERIENCE counts less than keenness in managing the Fabian Bookshop. First job for a young graduate? (m. or f.) Vacancy soon about £475 p.a. 4 weeks holiday. Write to the Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1.

COMPETENT secretary able work own initiative reqd by woman Manager of small efficient social welfare organisation, London. Box 9795.

BOOKSHOP. London woman interested books, prints, reqd whole/part-time. Ring PAD 8593 or CUN 4307 (31 Spring St., W2)

SECRETARY 28/40, with organising ability and preferably experience in hospital or private practice. Salary to £750. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN 0676.

PART-time secretary with good speeds, willing to teach shorthand and typewriting, wanted by West End school. Knowledge French an advantage. Box 9750.

'TEA and Sympathy'. Get your job in an atmosphere of friendliness and consideration at the Winifred Johnson Secretarial Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). 'Phone HOLborn 0390.

SEC/sh/typs. Temp. Top sals. MAY 6336. Savoy Agy, 487 Oxford St, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MATURE Psychology studen. (male 33 yrs) must earn £250 by 6 Oct. All work considered, anywhere. Free 1 Aug. Box 9755.

PURSER, expd., passenger Liners, age 34, wishes resp. post ashore, at home/abroad. Capable any post requiring integrity, hard work & pleasing personality. Box 9572.

WORK of some kind wanted during, roughly Aug. by man (31, grad. teacher) who is unsalaried this summer holiday. Box 9591.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE Problem of Survival After Death. Special Conference Number of 'Light' including 'Disbelief in the Problem of Survival' by Professor H. H. Price; 'Evidence of Survival', by Brigadier Firebrace; 'Experimental Methods of Survival Research', by George Zorab; 'Physical Mediumship', by Percy Wilson; etc. 96 quarto pages, 6ls. 6s. 6d. p.f. 16 Queensberry Place, SW7.

ROY Wood Sellars: research student urgently reqs all the published works of this American philosopher. Almost any price offered! Also wanted Pannekoek's 'Lenin'. Box 9796.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt. Britain is "The Good Food Guide 1959/60", edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell. Previous issues are out of date and may lead to disappointment. Invest in the new edition, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers.

BOOKS on Occultism, Mysticism, etc. New and secondhand. Lists 4d. ABS, 30 Denison House, SW1.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps., journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV 6807.

NOVELS by Rearden Conner wanted: 'Men Must Live', publ. by Cassell 1937. 'The Sword of Love', Cassell 1938. 'Shake Hands With The Devil', Dent 1933. Box 9605.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI 3030.

S/HD bks, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board, 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO 2634.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

GROUND floor room available, Kensington, suitable private consulting room osteopath. Non-resident. 6 gns weekly. Box 9575.

MOTHERLESS boy (8) with father (author) seek pleasant woman to take over NW6 flat at very moderate rent, adjustable according to services undertaken. Box 9689.

BARNES Ue. f. flat, youngish woman pref. £4 or less if baby-sitts. PRO 9075.

LANCASTER Gate area. Delightful divan rooms, fitted carpets, new decorations in really charming house. AMBassador 4807.

NEWLY furnished & decorated room to let in block of flats, Hampstead. C.h. & constant h.w. Share bath & kitchen. Reasonable terms to professional lady, 28–45. Box 9735.

LARGE sngle furn. rm N. Lon. Use phone, linen, bth, etc. Ckg facs. STA 5085.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

SELF-contained, light basement flat. Contemporary dec. & furn. Sitting-room, bedroom, kitchen bathroom, c.h.w., own tel. Top Campden Hill. 7 gns. PARk 9161.

2 BEAUTIFUL bed-sit. rms, ckg facs. c.h.w. Single £3 15s. Double £5 5s. HAM 1481.

TO let SW1 August. Large self-cont. flat, sleep 3. 7 gns. VIC 4620 evenings.

SHARE cent. heated, furn. good flat with prof. wom., suit couple. AMB 1363.

WELL furnished single bedroom, h. & c., linen, crockery, service, £3 5s. weekly. Ring PRI 5175.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/literary interests. Large single room £3. HAM 8109.

BRIGHT dble b/s (Finchley) own cooking, every conv. £3 7s. 6d. HIL 3942 (Eves).

LONDON flat available 22 Aug.–6 Sept. 3 rms, 1 dble bed, 1 sgle, kit., etc. 5 gns p.w. incl. Jones, 38 Grange Rd, W4.

HOLLAND Park. Furn. flat, 2 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, own telephone. 6½ gns p.w. incl. constant hot water, heat, light. PARk 4476.

HAMPSTEAD. Small furnished house vacant until 12 September. Box 9777.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming large single bed-sit. room. Lady only. SWI 3750.

LONDON. 1–15 Aug. S/c. flat. Lounge, bedrm, kit.-din., bath, w.c. 5 gns p.w. Box 9762.

ATTRACTIVE modern flat at bus stop, near Heath; newly furnished, easily managed, pleasant views. Telephone, refrigerator, linen, china, etc. Large sitting-room with 2 divans; kitchen-dining; bathroom. Some service available. 5 gns. PUTney 3415.

GOLDERS Green. Small self-contd furn. flat. 2 rooms, bath, sep. w.c., c.h., c.h.w., cooking facs. 4½ gns p.w. Refs. Box 9758.

GOLDER'S Green. 2-rmd furn. flatlet with cooking fac. in modern house. Suit single man. £3 per week. Box 9870.

ROOM to let with prof. family (musician). West Hamp. Recently decorated, gas ring. Breakfast if reqd. Reas. charge. KIL 1135.

SUSSEX farm offers 4-berth caravan, 5 gns. per week, July, August. View South Downs. Coast 20 miles. Box 9680.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

OXBRIDGE graduate, young ad-man, wishes to join in shared flat; Kensington, Chelsea, Hampstead, etc. Now/later in summer. Box 9629.

YNG lady, only family small dog & cat reqs unfurn. flat London. Reas. Box 9748.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

YOUNGish prof. woman req. plain, flat (bed), own bath & hot water, 'phone, privacy. No serve., linen. Nr. Hampstead. Box 9682.

PROF. woman seeks quiet reasonable unfurn. flat 2/3 rooms. Convenient Hyde Park Corner. Box 9857.

COUPLE returning England 1 Sept. require furnished ground floor flat. Two babies under destructive age. Garden appreciated. 7–8 gns. Refs. Box 9718.

SRN wants furn. flatlet or sunny bed-sit. plus ckg facs, use bath. Reasonable rent. WC1 or conv. City. Box 9559.

WEST African graduate from provincial University to read for the Bar reqs s/c. furn. flat in London, Notting Hill excepted, end July, begin. Aug. 4 gns max. Box 9751.

PROF. woman (32) seeks unfurn. flat, Highgate district. Would share. Box 9744.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

SOUTHWOOD LANE, HIGHGATE

In a choice position overlooking delightful wooded gardens and close to Tube Station. A last opportunity to secure

NEW CONTEMPORARY HOUSES

Three Bedrooms, Two Reception Rooms. Secluded Patio. Garden and Garage. Electric Central Heating.

2 houses left at £5,750
2 houses left at £6,000

99 year leases at low ground rent
Mortgage facilities

Details from Sole Agents:

FOLKARD & HAYWARD
115 Baker Street, W1
WELbeck 8181

HIGHGATE Village? no, not quite. But at half the price it's near enough. 6 rooms, k. & b. £2,950 freehold. Terraced, garden. Neighbourhood was awful but converting rapidly. MOU 4680

SELF-contained bungalow chalets near sea. Ideal surroundings, flush toilets, gas, electric. Licensed club and shop on site. Price from £175. Eastchurch Holiday Camp, Sheppey, Kent.

HOUSEBOAT, unique atmosphere, superb comfort all year. 4 cabins, bath, kit., saloon, sun lounge, unlimited domestic facilities, quiet mooring, garden. £2,900 o.n.o. M.Y. Cherokee. Cubitts Yacht Basin, Chiswick, CHI 7565.

Ireland of the Festivals for Autumn Holidays

For lovers of music and the visual arts, a late holiday in Ireland can be a gay and heartwarming experience. Here are a few of the Autumn attractions:

SEPTEMBER 14TH–27TH
Second Dublin International Theatre Festival

Special Festival Production at the ABBEY THEATRE, World *premiere* of 'Full Moon for the Bride', a new ballet on an Irish theme to be presented by the LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET. 'Lady Spider' by Donagh MacDonagh. Premiere (ORION PRODUCTIONS). 'The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles' by Bernard Shaw (DUBLIN GLOBE THEATRE). Mime and dance by the LOTTE GOSLAR GROUP. 'Posterity be Damned' by Dominic Behan and 'Inquisition' by Diego Fabbri at the PIKE THEATRE. 'The Good Natured Man' by Oliver Goldsmith (LORD LONGFORD PRODUCTION). Festival Club. Discussions. Booking: *Keith Prowse, and Festival Office, 5/6 South Great George's Street, Dublin.*

SEPTEMBER 23RD–30TH
Fourth International Film Festival of Cork

(Approved by the International Federation of Film Producers' Associations).

The 'IRISH OSCAR' for the outstanding acting performance (Feature film)—Gala performances of major new feature films—'TRIBUTE TO DE SICA': A selection from his major achievements—'A DECADE OF JAPANESE FILMS': One of a series of programmes on the master works of the world's great film-making nations — Competition for short films (Documentary, animated, cartoon, scientific and educational). International Jury. Award: Statuette of St. Finbarr — Lectures — Festival Club.

All performances Savoy Cinema (2,500 seats).

Booking: *Keith Prowse, and Festival Office, 23 Patrick Street, Cork. Season Tickets (4 day and 8 day) 20/- to 60/-. Holders admitted to all Performances, Lectures, Exhibitions.*

OCTOBER 25TH–NOVEMBER 1ST
Ninth Wexford International Festival of Music and The Arts

President: Sir Compton Mackenzie, O.B.E.

Vice-Presidents: Sir Alfred Bax, Bt.

Verdi's AROLDO (Conductor, Charles Macarras; Producer, Frans Boerlage; Designs, Michael Mac Liammoir) — Rossini's LA GAZZA LADRA (Conductor, John Pritchard; Producer, Peter Potter; Designs, Osbert Lancaster) — SINGERS: Adani, Angioletti, Manti, Nicolov, Pedani, Protti, Tadeo—Radio Eireann Light Orchestra — Concert: BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (Conductor Rudolf Schwarz)—RECITALS—FILMS—FESTIVAL FORUM—DRAMA — LECTURES — LATE NIGHT REVUES—EXHIBITIONS—CONDUCTED TOURS — RACE MEETING.

Booking: *Wexford Festival, Chamber of Commerce, Wexford.*

Booking now open

Holiday information and colourful free literature including 'Ireland of the Festivals' brochure from:

IRISH TOURIST OFFICE
London: 71 Regent Street, W.1. Tel. Regent 6201
Manchester: 16 Mount Street, 2. Tel. Deansgate 3981
Glasgow: 35 St. Enoch Square W.C.1. Tel. Central 7311

OPERA AND BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER 1672
NEW OPERA COMPANY
27, 29 & 31 July at 7.30
An Italian-German double bill
THE PRISONER (Luigi Dallapiccola) &
The Tale of the Wise Maiden (Carl Orff)
English Premieres
28, 30 July & 1 Aug. at 7.30
The Rake's Progress (Igor Stravinsky)

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
THE ROYAL BALLET
Season opens 17 August.
Evenings 7.30, Mats Sats 2.15.
Programme available, Box Office now open.
COV 1066.

THEATRES

ARTS, TEM 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'The Rope Dancers'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Last week 11th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems. ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO 1745. 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15. Mats. Thurs. 2.30. Joan Plowright in 'Roots', by Arnold Wesker.

CONCERTS

UNITY, EUS 5391. Inter-racial Friendship Celebrity Concert. Hedli Anderson, Chin Yu Trio, David Kossoff, Mark Dignam, Bernie Fenton, Carole Fenton, A. L. Lloyd, etc. Sunday, 19 July, 7.45. Mems.

INDIAN Festival Committee in Europe presents a preview concert (for the VII World Youth Festival at Vienna) of 'March for Life' (Rahe-Zindagi) – a programme of Songs and Dances of India at King George's Hall, Great Russell St. (near Tottenham Court Station) on Wednesday, 22 July, 1959, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets at Gate and 31a John Adam Street, London, WC2.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns) Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt; Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN, HAM 1525. Until 19 July. Clouzot's 'The Wages of Fear' (A). From 20 July: Satyajit Ray's 'Pather Panchali' (U).

PONY, BAY 2345. W.C. 19 July, 7 days, Giulietta Masina, 'Cabiria' (X). Ital. Gary Cooper in 'The Westerner' (A).

SUNDAY Films in colour – Royal Festival Hall 19 July to 6 Sept. 6 p.m. 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme', by the Comedie Francaise – in French with English sub-titles. 8.30 p.m. 'Eugene Onegin' – Bolshoi Theatre production with English sub-titles. Tickets for each film 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (WATerloo 3191).

GRAND Riverboat Dance. The New Jewish Society. Sat. 18 July. Charing Cross Pier, Victoria Embankment, WC2. 7.30 p.m. – 11.30 p.m. Tickets 15s. from Secretary, 8 Woollaston Rd, N4. (MOU 9007).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'At Home' with dancing. Wednesday 22 July. 8.30–11 p.m. Members free, guests 1s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Saturday 18 July, 8–11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11–12.30, 2.0–6.0. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily, including Sundays.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'William Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations. (987)

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

NUDES of Jean Straker — Photography 12-9. Six Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings by Kit Barker. 10-6, Sats. 10-1, 2 Cork St, W1.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. (Water-colours, Drawings and Prints). Till 27 September, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10–6; Tues. & Thurs. 10–8. Sun. 2–6. Admission 1s.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

CHINESE Architecture. RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1. Till 31 July. Mon.-Friday 10-7; Saturday 10-5. Ad. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1959. Paintings by Soulages; De Stael; Manessier; Ernst; Sutherland; Pasmore; Richards Avray Wilson, etc. Hours 10–6, Sat. 10–1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Editions original prints. 9 July–15 Aug.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. French drawings of the 19th & 20th century; recent paintings by Arthur Ballard. (Weekdays 10–5.30, Saturdays 10–1.)

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. E. C. Gregory Memorial Exhibition. Until 15 August. Daily 10–6, Saturdays 10–1. Admission 1s. Members Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important new acquisitions—Bonnard, Cezanne, Gauguin, Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Van Gogh, Vlaminck, etc. New sculpture by Henry Moore. Over 90 works for sale. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Sculpture – Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, Picasso, etc. To 11 September 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One, W1 (GER 3529) Laxton Pai ptgs; Bakre sculpture.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kenneth Armitage Retrospective: Sculpture and drawings 1948–1959. Weekdays 11–6; Sundays 2–6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East stn.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Three Brazilian Artists – Chaves, Krajcberg, Piza. Till 1 August. Daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. except Sunday.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery (Painting and Sculpture). Till 27 September. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10–6; Tues. & Thurs. 10–8; Sun. 2–6. Admission 2/-, 6d.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Visceral Image – The New Romantics. Wolfram – painter, Foley – draughtsman, Witkin – sculptor, Dale – poet. 20 July to 15 August. 10–6. Sats. 10–1.

SAME man, different pen! Drawings and a novel ('Hop Thief') by Oswell Blakeston at Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High Street, NW3. HAM 2218. Weekdays ex. Thurs., 9.30 to 6.

LECTURES

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 25 July at 6 p.m. M. W. Grauberg: Les carnets du Major Thompson, ou les Anglais vus par les Français.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 19 July, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Religion and the People's Republic of China': Nina Spiller.

SPOTLIGHT on the Self'. Public Lecture. On Sun. 19 July, 8 p.m. Free literature a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns. W2 (PAD 0688).

SCIENCE – Curse or Blessing. Prof. Hyman Levy speaks on this controversial subject. New Jewish Society, Simon Marks Room, Bedford House, 108 Baker St, W1. 22 July, at 8 p.m.

SQUARE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. eve. 7 p.m., 19 July, W. E. Swinton, Ph.D, FRSE, 'T. H. Huxley and Agnosticism Today'. Write free copy 'Monthly Record'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—Continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. John Horner, 'Trade Unions and the Laboru Party', Wed. 22 July, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Literature – George Orwell. A Symposium. Speakers will include: Rayner Heppenstall, Wayland Young, Julian Symons. Chairman: T. R. Fyvel. Tuesday 21 July, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

THE Devlin Commission's Report and the Future of Central Africa – a public meeting. Fenner Brockway Kanyama Chiume and other speakers. Org. by the Haldane Society. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, EC4. Wed. 29 July, 6.30 p.m. All welcome.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 17 July, 8 p.m., Anthony Churchill: 'Before Vienna Youth Festival, some aspects of Anglo-Russian Youth contacts' (slides). Tues. 21 July, 8 p.m. Last meeting of season; informal Musical Evening. Miss Maud Neilson (soprano) and others.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

CHINESE, Japanese evg. conv./scientif./lang. Intensive courses by Mr Li. MOU 2615.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VHV1, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1785.

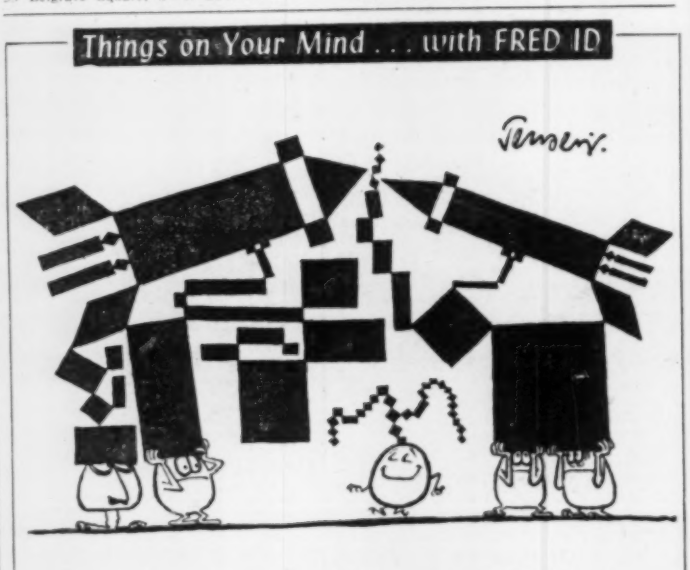
GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN 4771.

PRIVATE lessons Shorthand, Typing, English, French. Mabel Eyles. ENT 3324.

DARTINGTON Music School. Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing - Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

THE Re-education Centre (formerly the Isobel Cripps Centre Ltd.), 18 Lansdowne Rd, Holland Park, W11, under the direction of Lois Caink and Donald Grant. Tuition in Posture, Movement and relaxation of muscular and nervous tension.



12. *Fred usually leaves big issues to the other fellow.*

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'. Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. 11 May to 11 Sept., 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

WHERE TO STAY

AVAILABLE unexpectedly at 'Normanhurst' –2 Double rooms 25 July–8 Aug.; 3 doubles from 29 Aug. 7/10 gns, fully incl. Facing full Sth, own bch hut opp. Illus. brochures. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St Leonards, Sussex. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½ (7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

CORNWALL, nr Penzance. 2 mls superb beach. Large Guest House. Open all year. Tel.: Germoe 3193. Ye Olde Vicarage, St Hilary, Goldsithney, Penzance, Cornwall.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food. Early Aug. 9½-12 gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely valley, 8 gns p.w. Vacancies from 25 July–12 Sept. 'Steanbridge', nr Stroud, Glos.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, gd food, comf. & friendly atmosphere. Broch. and tariff from Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. Tel. 508.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

CUMBERLAND. Guests welcome July to Sept. £7 p.w. inc. Highland Hall, Renwick.

SCHOOLS

A HIGHGATE Montessori Nursery (inspected and approved by the County Health Dept.). Open all the year round for children 2½–5 years. Hrs 8.30 a.m.–6.30 p.m. Mon.–Fri. For further particulars Tel: Principal MOU. 0956.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

THE Town and Country School, 38–40 Eton Avenue, NW3. (SWI 3391.) Small group of full and weekly boarders accepted. Weekends at country house in Chiltern Hills 800ft above sea. French-Engl. hol. group (Aug). E. Paul, Ph.D.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. Independent co-educational to Univ. entrance. Increased accommodation for girls soon available. Well-staffed for both Science and Arts. Unusual facilities for Music, Pottery, Wood and Metal work. Junior Dept. 8–11. Scholarships available occas., one now, max. value £150 for intelligent girl. Headmaster: Kenneth C. Barnes.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford. 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

TYPING & TRANSLATIONS

LOOKS like print! New style duplicating by Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN 9893. And standard typewriting service.

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JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St London, W8. WES 5809.

DUPLICATING (Reports, Price-Lists, Programmes, Circulars). Typing, translations. Mabel Eyles and Partners, 10 Beaconsfield Road, N11. (ENT 3324).

STELLA Fisher Secretariat Ltd, 436 Strand WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting Duplicating, Translations.

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